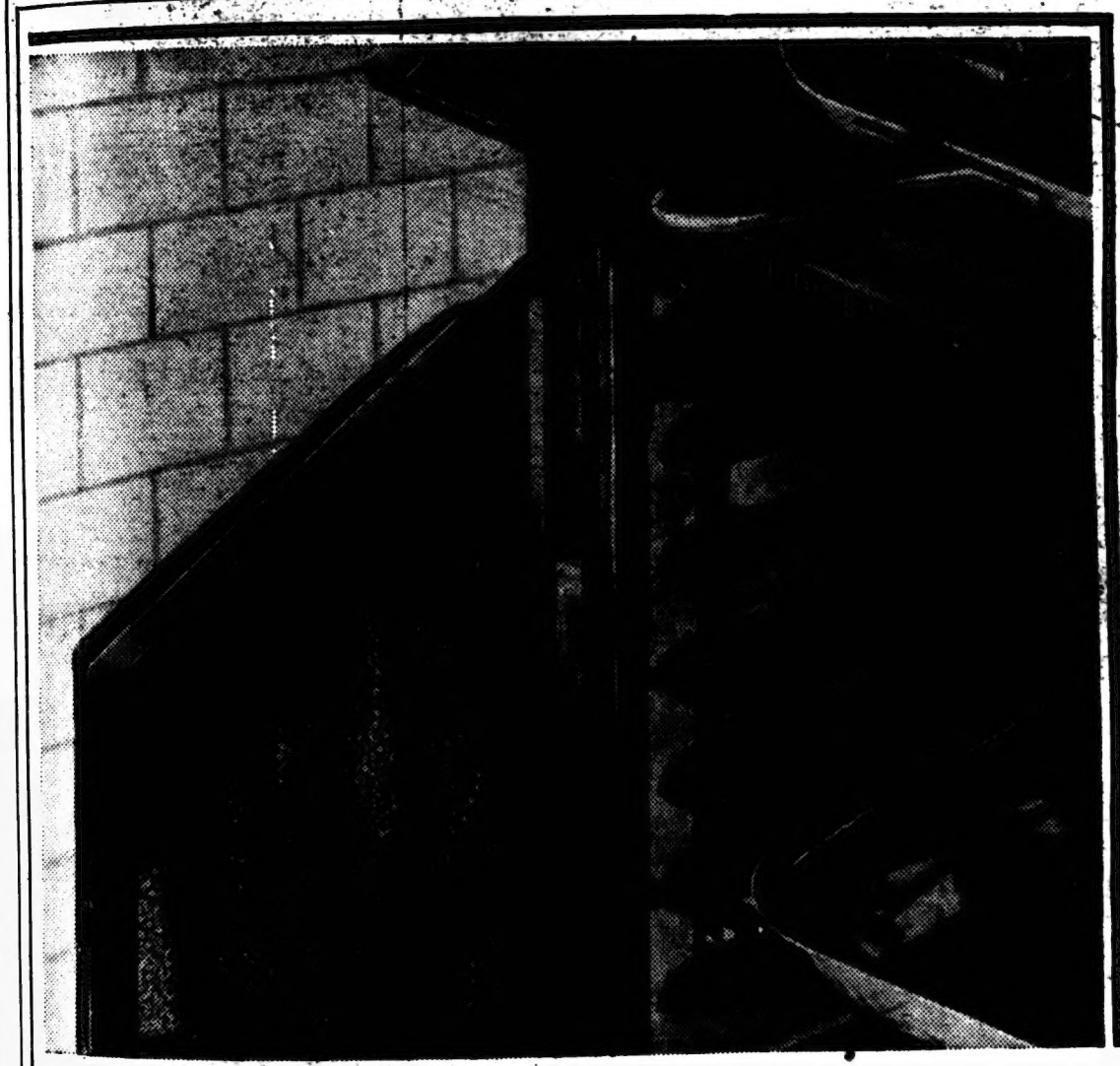
JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 17, 1932

TEST TEAM'S BIG SECRET SEE PAGES 10 and 11

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1370.

# JOHN BULL



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HARD
LABOUR

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READERS' attention is drawn to the Lybro Easy-Fit Work Togs (Overalls and Shirts) announcement on page 31. You can save money by buying both these garments at one time. Turn to the advt. now.

If you are interested in Garden, Poultry or Horticulture, send for Bath's new free illustrated list of bargains offered in the advt. on p. 31.

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STEELMAN'S famous book, "Hints to Mothers," will be sent free to all readers mentioning John Bull. See advt. on p. 25.

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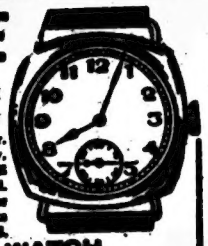

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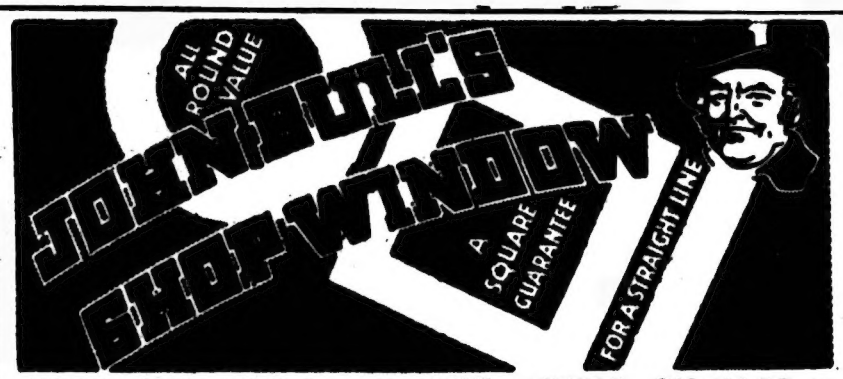
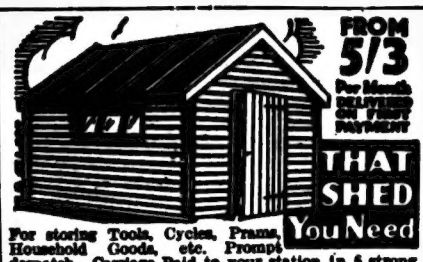



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 16



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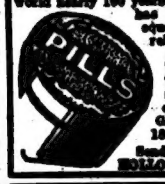


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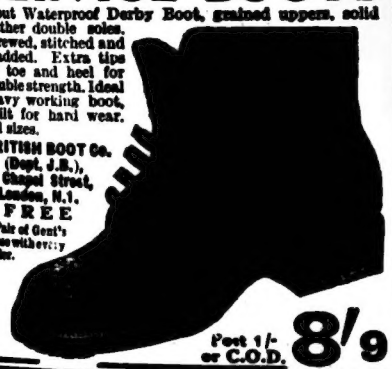

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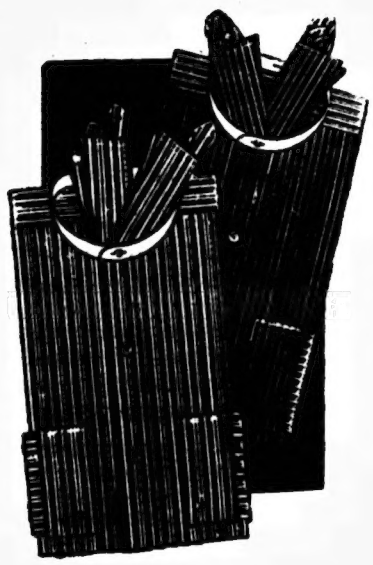

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# HUSBANDS we'd ARREST

*His wife and children starve—but that does not concern him, for he is on the right side of the law*

ONE day this week an officer of a great London police court asked JOHN BULL to send a representative with him to an address in a north-western suburb.

He wanted, he said, to reveal to us evidence of a disgraceful new form of legalised cruelty, of which large numbers of deserted wives and their children are to-day the innocent and helpless victims.

Thousands of cases arising from a serious flaw in the law are now causing concern in the courts, he added, but as the proceedings relating to them are mainly heard in private, the general public is unaware of this grave scandal.

And he had come to us so that the full facts might be made known.

In a small basement room at the address to which our representative was taken were a wife and her five children. The mother's wan and sunken cheeks testified to want and suffering, and her little ones, pallid and pinched, had obviously endured long privation and hunger.

"This woman, a university graduate, is married," the court officer said, "and these are the five children of her marriage. Her husband, who occupies a good position, deserted them two years ago. An order was made by the court for him to pay at least £2 weekly for their maintenance, but he completely ignores it.

"Like many other husbands who have abandoned their families, he has discovered the loophole in the law.

"If the police had power to act he could be found without difficulty. But they are helpless.

"His wife has applied to stipendiary magistrates for judicial help, but they can do nothing.

"Because the husband is alive and accessible and liable for their support, the poor law authorities cannot give the wife and children relief in money or kind. They can only offer them the shelter of the workhouse.

"TO-DAY the police found this family at starvation-point and helped them for the time being.

"Incredible as it may seem, it is the misfortune of this wife and countless others like her, that her children were born in wedlock.

"If she had been unmarried and her children illegitimate, they would have the full protection of the law. The father would be tracked down by the police, and sent to prison every time he refused to pay for their maintenance."

How, it will be asked, is this possible, and why is it that callous husbands who treat the courts with contempt and their families without mercy cannot be brought to book?

The answer lies in the Guardianship of Infants Act, which, when passed seven years ago, was hailed as the greatest charter ever given to the wives and mothers of Britain because, it was supposed, it would destroy the lingering remnants of their civil subordination to their husbands.

Instead it has meant for many of them cruel and humiliating bondage.

It aimed at giving wives, separated from their husbands, equal rights to the custody of the children, and at making better provision for the children's maintenance.

All this it achieves—on paper.

The document containing the order of the court becomes worthless whenever a hard-hearted husband cares to ignore it.

He is required by the order to notify any change of address, so that, in theory, his wife can start proceedings against him if he defaults.

But what thousands of husbands who leave their families in the lurch have discovered is that if they give a fictitious or accommodation address, or refuse to divulge a change of address, the severest penalty to which they are liable is a fine of forty shillings!

A ruthless husband may appear before, and be sentenced to pay this maximum out paltry fine by, the very magistrate who made the order for his family's maintenance. Having paid the fine, the husband can walk out of court unhindered, even though he may be hundreds of pounds in arrears.

It is only recently, apparently, that deserting husbands have come to realise that when their wives obtain orders against them under the Guardianship of Infants Act in the police court *neither the court nor the police has any power to enforce these orders.*

Those who framed the Guardianship of Infants Act made the frightful blunder, which is now being so boldly and extensively exploited, of causing orders under it to be enforceable *only in the civil courts.*

A defaulter under the Bastardy Act or the Married Women's Act will be searched out by the police from any hiding-place, put in the dock and given short shrift by a magistrate if he does not show willingness to pay off arrears.

To obtain any redress now a wife who has sought the "privileges" of the law in its modern form must sue her husband as if for an ordinary debt. A husband who has made up his mind not to pay could make an action of the kind spin out in its various stages for months before he was made to face the possibility of an order for his committal to prison.

AND so long as he does not disclose his real address, even proceedings of this kind cannot be taken against him.

JOHN BULL has often pleaded the defence of husbands who are pursued by vindictive wives, from whom they are separated, and at whose instigation they are repeatedly put into prison because they fall into maintenance arrears owing to unemployment or illness.

The other side of the story is just as bad. It is shameful that men in good financial circumstances can openly and safely deride the orders of the courts and, in consequence of legal absurdities, go scot-free while their wives and children starve, or occupy the workhouse at the ratepayers' expense.

Surely we shall not ask in vain for the law to be so altered that a wife and her babies can claim at least the same protection from magistrates and police as is given to unmarried mothers and their children.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# School Teachers Who Shirk Their Jobs

WHAT on earth is a schoolteacher for? It is to be hoped, for the sake of parents and children, that there are not many teachers in elementary schools of the same kidney as one who has written to us.

This gentleman does not like our campaign against the Lunacy Board of Control for its efforts to sweep into asylums children who are backward in their lessons.

He does not like backward boys and hopes the Lunacy Bosses will soon get powers to operate on a wider scale than ever.

## *Not fit for his job*

What does he think a teacher is for? Is he there only to teach the clever and brilliant children? Or is it his job to be patient and instructive to those slow in learning?

It seems to us that a teacher who resents having backward children in his class is not fitted for his position.

## *Money for nothing*

Anyone can teach a clever child. It's easy. Money for nothing, in fact. They teach themselves.

The backward child who is fidgety and inattentive is the one that needs time and patience spent on it, as every good teacher knows.

No wonder some children are backward in their lessons if there are teachers about who would regard their departure as a good riddance.

## *Golden silence*

The Treasury is keeping quiet about War Loan Conversion just now.

It is a golden silence. Holders of 5 per cent. War Loan to the value of £170,000,000 will be automatically converted to a lower rate of interest on October 1 if they don't ask for their money back.

So the holders will have to make up their minds pretty soon.

## *Robbing Peter—*

The latest game is to exploit the farm labourer.

Marlborough poor law authorities have a scheme to provide farm work for men who apply for relief.

Farmers will supply the jobs at a wage of 30s. a week. They will pay 15s., the local Bumbles will supply the other 15s.

So all the farmer has to do is to sack his workers and ask the Bumbles for others, which will cost him only 15s.

## *—Paying Paul*

As it is, Lincoln farmers have cut their men's wages, and cuts are threatened in other counties.

While the Government pays Paul. In other words, it is giving the farmers millions under the wheat subsidy.

Why not give the farm labourers a share—just for a change?

## *Both sides of it*

Householders who exploit young couples by sub-letting rooms at exorbitant rents won't like the new Rents Bill.

They will risk prosecution and a fine if they continue to profiteer, and they may have to give up possession of the house.

The middle-class tenants won't like the Bill either. Their landlords will be able to *raise* the rents. Why? We should have thought that in these times rents should come down, not go up.

## *The speed peril*

Two motor-coach drivers were each fined £10 after a fatal collision in Kent. And quite right, too.

We have no animus against coach travel. Far from it.

But heavy, crowded coaches which career along our roads at excessive speeds are a danger. They should be made to keep to their legal speed limit.

## *Little Mussolinis*

The Nottingham City Council should think again.

It has instructed all the municipal employees to live within the city. This means that many will have to sell their houses and incur considerable expense in moving into others—even if they can find them.

Why should councillors dictate to those who work for them, especially when a number of the councillors themselves do not live in the city?

It is a piece of petty persecution which we hope will be stopped.

## *A boom to shun*

The new Stock Exchange boom is both artificial and dangerous.

But it pleases some of the financiers whose mistakes have recently been made plain.

They think it will give an appearance of returning prosperity and enable them to escape the necessary reforms.

## *We warn them*

We warn professional speculators that the public will not be hoodwinked by this artful dodge.

And we warn our readers to keep clear of the Stock Market while artificial "booms" are on.

Small investors who lost a lot of money in the last one will burn their fingers again unless they are careful.

## *What a lady!*

"You are a lady by birth, therefore I am inclined to trust you," the Tower Bridge magistrate, Mr. Griffith-Jones, told Miss Brenda Dean Paul.

So he convicted her of a drug offence, but didn't sentence her.

What a lady! A magistrate trusted her before, but she failed him.

Poor women, we know, luckily can't afford to take drugs. But if they could, and if one were brought before Mr. Griffith-Jones, would he trust her too?

## *Is it legal?*

Magistrates in South-East Coast towns are congratulating themselves on being jolly good fellows for extending drinking hours for all sorts of "special occasions."

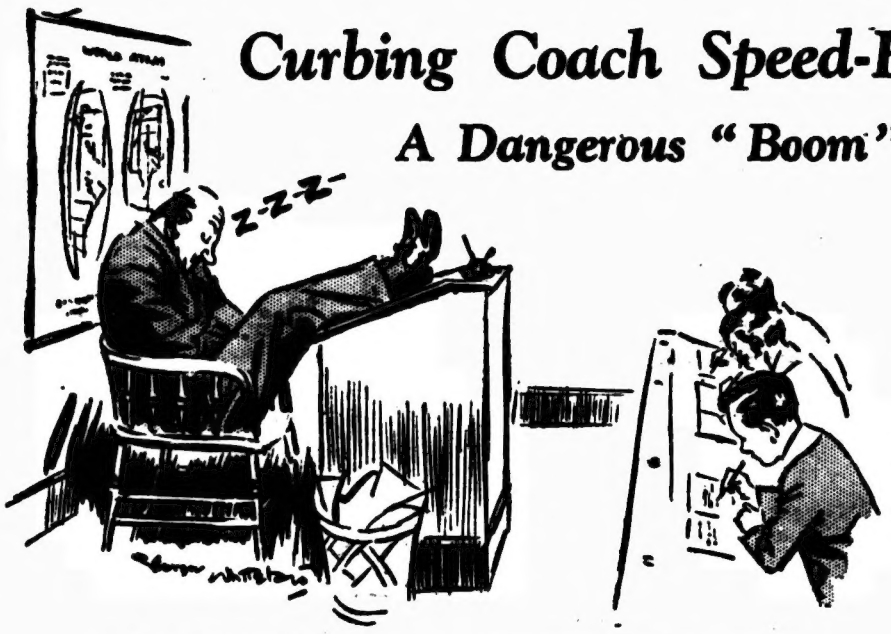
But they may be acting illegally.

A test case will shortly be heard in the High Court to decide just what a "special occasion" really is.

One day, perhaps, the Government will be forced to make up its mind about the Licensing Commission's report, produced nine months ago at a cost of £20,000. Meanwhile, it goes on shirking the issue.

# *Curbing Coach Speed-Hogs*

## *A Dangerous "Boom"*




*When all the "duffers" have gone how pleasant it will be for the master!*

## *First-hand Foot*

Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., doesn't believe in second-hand information.

So, while he may have shocked the dignified the other day, he earned our congratulations.

Hearing complaints about the conditions in a Dundee poorhouse, he let his beard grow, put on an old suit, and entered the institution as an ordinary applicant for shelter.

We await his report with real interest.

## *Lesson in hustling*

Sir William Morris, the motor magnate, has just had a new factory built in Birmingham.

It covers 110,000 square feet, and 600 tons of British steel were used in its erection. And it was built in less than ten weeks!

His enterprise in providing the capital for this great work should inspire our more timid employers.

## *What we lack*

Like most visitors to London, the Mayor of Chicago thinks our police are wonderful.

Good! He suggests, however, that they should be armed.

He forgets that with our unarmed police we've managed pretty well so far to prevent our gangsters from blazing away with machine-guns and sawn-off rifles in London streets.

## *Incorrigible*

It seems hard, at first sight, for a man of eighty to be sent to jail for four months. But we have no sympathy for the West London coal merchant, Allen Noakes, who has just received this sentence.

For more than forty years he has been defrauding his customers by giving short weight. Previous terms of imprisonment and innumerable fines have not deterred him.

The public must be protected against such mean swindlers.

## *New slums for old*

London, the greatest city in the world, has 100,000 people living in slummy underground rooms.

Yet, despite our exclusive disclosure and protests a few months ago, the London County Council persists in going ahead with its plans to build new flats with tiny rooms, no kitchens, and a common wash-house to every three tenements.

In other words, it is trying to create new slums.

## *Tribute*

A brave woman has just been honoured.

While Miss Emma Townsend was visiting a cottage hospital at Kingsbridge, Devon, a madman with a gun attacked his little son, who was lying helpless in a cot.

She did not rush away in terror. Hoping to save the boy's life, she struggled with the lunatic, who cut her head open.

The King has awarded her the O.B.E. And never was this honour more deserved.

## *Arsenic ad lib.*

When a Birmingham man was found dead in Minehead, enough arsenic to kill 624 people was discovered in his pocket.

How and where he got so much of this deadly stuff is a matter for urgent police investigation.

Despite the regulations, dangerous drugs and poisons are far too easily obtained. This leakage must be checked.

## *Fly-by-night cad*

A reader was offered a job by a man named Reginald Willis, boot and shoe dealer, of Clerkenwell, London.

He gave a cash security of £5. But when he arrived on the appointed day to begin his duties, he found the office locked and that other people had been similarly robbed.

The police should get on the track of Willis before he catches further victims.

## *Shylock surpassed*

At Marylebone Police Court, the other day, a woman said she borrowed £19 from a moneylender in 1927. A year later she wanted to borrow another £60.

She got it—less £21 interest charged on the first loan. Since then she has repaid more than £125, and still owes another £60 for interest!

Shylock didn't really know his job.

## *Get rich quick!*

"Money is power," says A. J. Hinton, of Eastleigh, Hampshire.

True, but we doubt if all the claims he makes for his booklet, "Money-making at Home," are equally true. This booklet costs two shillings, and is said to show how £10 a week can be earned.

Such claims have been made before.

## *Sealed and delivered*

For years a London vicar has posted his parish magazine in a wrapper with a halfpenny stamp.

To prevent it slipping out of the wrapper, he put the stamp over the edge of the wrapper and on to the magazine.

Because of this, a woman has just been surcharged twopence. The postman didn't know why but higher officials explain that as the stamp covered both wrapper and contents, these became a "sealed packet."

Perhaps when all the twopences are collected we shall get the penny post again.

## *The big axe*

The Chief Constable of Glasgow knows how to swing the economy axe.

He proposes to reduce his force by four superintendents, 26 lieutenants, 21 inspectors, five sergeants, and 25 constables, all of whom are considered to hold "redundant positions."

What a delegate he'd make for the Disarmament Conference!

## *A good cause*

Violet Loraine, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Layton and Johnstone, Leslie Henson, Nervo and Knox—these are only a few of the famous people who will appear in the all-star concert at the London Palladium on Sunday afternoon, October 2.

It's for a good cause—Charing Cross Hospital; so it deserves our readers' support.

Tickets can be obtained from the Box Office, Palladium, Argyle Street, London, W., or from the National Sunday League, 34, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

# Dangerous Women

BY

## ETHEL MANNIN

*Women who are worth "keeping"— "If she runs their joint home, cooks and sews and looks after the children, well and good"*

WHY is it that, in these days when women are claiming equality with men, the attitude of it being a husband's duty to support his wife should still persist.

"Kept wives" should be as obsolete as "old maids" in an age of feminine emancipation—and self-respect.

Not long ago in the courts there was a lady of title suing her husband for maintenance; the husband had no money and told her so; yet in an indignant letter to him the wife declared that it was *a husband's duty to support his wife* and that he had no right to suggest to her that she should get herself a job such as she had before her marriage to him, and keep herself!

Why on earth *should* a man be called upon to "keep" a woman just because he has married her? If she runs their joint home and cooks and sews and looks after the children, well and good; it is only just then that she should not be called upon to earn her own money for food and clothes.

But what of the thousands of middle and upper class women who have a servant or servants to run their homes for them, and nurses for their children—why should any self-respecting man support these parasites? What right have they to maintenance?

If it comes to that—what use are they on the face of the earth, these women who moon about killing time between lunch and dinner, giving fatuous tea parties and bridge parties, shop-gazing, going to matinées, lolling about reading novels, whilst their men-folk are working?

Wives who cheat! Why any self-respecting man has time for them beats me!

But there's another kind of cheating which is pretty nearly as bad. I am thinking of those women who *are* wage-earners—and don't forget to let their husbands know it. Wives who humiliate their husbands by bragging that they earn more than he does. Wives who cheat by neglecting the home to make money to spend on clothes and amusements for themselves.

Heaven knows I have nothing but respect for the wife who continues working in shop or office or factory or in any other way after her marriage in order that she and her husband may have a more comfortable home and greater security—to help pay the mortgage off their house, perhaps, or in order to be able to save for their old age, or the education of their children.

## *Traitorous Wives*

BUT for the woman who neglects her home for purely selfish reasons I have no time—and I wonder that men have!

Wives who nag their husbands in the presence of another person or people, so that he feels ridiculous; wives who betray their husbands' little human failings to their friends; wives who worry their husbands with domestic matters when they are already worried to death with office matters; wives who are always wanting to be taken out and have money spent on them and be waited on; wives who are always suspecting their husbands of infidelity and make married life a misery as a result of petty jealousies . . . what a sickening lot they all are!

They make one ashamed of one's sex. For every man judges the mass of women by the woman he knows best.

No wonder men go about the world making unfair generalisations about women—asserting that "women are so unreasonable," women are this, women are that.

The wonder is not that so many "men dislike women," as Mr. Michael Arlen would say, but that men don't fight shy of women altogether!

Would *you*, woman reader, if you were a man, put up with some of the things our sex calls upon men to put up with? Would *you* support an idle woman? Would *you* stand for being nagged at, and humiliated in public, by the woman to whom you've given your name? Would *you* stand for the home being neglected whilst your partner was absorbed in making money for selfish motives?

Would *you*, if you were a man, just stand by and watch your wife ruining your children with her ready-made ideas and hateful little suburban snobberies?

I'm not sure that those aren't the most shameful women of all—the mothers who ruin their children, making their children's lives a misery for the sake of keeping up appearances and making little ladies and gentlemen of them instead of allowing them to be carefree, happy, grubby kids who don't give a hoot for clean hands and keeping their clothes clean, and saying "Quite-well-thank-you" to the Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Browns who come to tea.

## *Father Knows Best*

AFTER all, if a man is fool enough to support an idle woman, or allow himself to be nagged at, it's his own look out, but it's a very difficult thing for a husband to interfere with his wife's management of their children.

The children are necessarily more with their mother than with him, and she, therefore, inevitably has the greater influence over them. He may know, in his heart, that she is mismanaging them, but what can he do?

If he tries to intervene he is told to mind his own business, and that men don't know anything about children anyway. Whereas, as a matter of fact, fathers, in their casualness and lack of fuss with children, are in the majority of cases far more sensible in their handling of children than the mothers.

Father can never understand why mother must fuss so when little Joan messes up her nice clean frock; he can't see that it matters much if little Peter comes to the table with dirty hands; his attitude is the nice, comfortable masculine one of "What does it matter? Leave the kids alone. As long as they're happy. . . ."

Something tells him that all this scolding of the children is all wrong—but what can he do? And the wife knows that he is powerless—and takes advantage of it.

## *What Fools!*

AND if that's not arrant cheating, I'd like to know what is!

Mother retorts with "If you'd got to look after the children. . . ." Father thinks secretly, "If I'd got 'em to look after I wouldn't fuss; I wouldn't care as long as they were happy. I wouldn't make 'em wear clothes that were spoiled by getting messed up. I wouldn't care what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown thought. . . ."

As for those wives who run up large dress accounts and calmly allow their husbands to be responsible for their debts—and those wives who earn their own dress allowances but insist on their husbands paying the tax on their incomes because he is by law responsible for it—well, it simply makes one parody Mr. Shakespeare and cry, "O Lord, what fools these husbands be!"

It is abominable that some unfortunate man should be responsible for his wife's dress debts. Many a husband saddles himself with his wife's debts rather than face the publicity of a court case over them. It is one of the many forms of blackmail possible in marriage—another example of the shameful cheating of unscrupulous wives.

"Thou shalt play the game and not cheat" ought to be one of the clauses in the marriage contract. I'm not sure but that "cheating" ought to be made ground for divorce.

What about *husbands* who cheat? perhaps you will say. But men don't cheat as women do; there's much more general "decency" about men . . . and I say this not as a woman who dislikes her sex, but as a woman who has a great admiration for it, and because of that admiration resents the behaviour of women who let our sex down and make men bitter and cynical about us.

It is significant, I think, that there's much less of this cheating amongst working-class wives. The working-class wife plays the game in marriage much more honestly than the majority of middle and upper class women do.

## *Up to the Men*

THE working-class wife isn't "kept," to begin with; in fact, in these days she is as often as not herself the bread-winner, though in these days of unemployment that is no reflection on her husband.

The working-class wife *can't* run up dress bills for her husband to settle; she has to pay cash for what she has; and she is much too harassed with making ends meet and keeping the house clean, and cooking and sewing, to ruin her children by trying to make them into little "ladies and gentlemen."

In short, if the middle and upper class wife had a little more to do she would have fewer opportunities for cheating. It is money and idleness which corrupt people from common decency—and women particularly.

But until the men themselves do something about it, these immoral women will go on letting down their sex.

We have heard a great deal about the emancipation of women during the last few years; what about a fight now for the emancipation of men—particularly married men? Even a husband will turn, you know. And it's up to the women who believe in their sex and hate seeing it shamed to encourage this revolt of husbands.

Not until we get that revolt shall we have anything approaching equality between the sexes, or any truce in the subtle, subterranean sex-war which goes on all the time below the surface of marriage, and makes of marriage the difficult and not very satisfactory institution it is.

# The BIG Secret

A SPARTAN captain. Sterner discipline than in any other Test cricket tour. A firm check on the hospitality that overwhelms. No wives. In fact, from first to last, nothing that is not for the good of the game!

That is Test cricket as it will be played by the All-England team in Australia this winter.

It is going to be a red-letter day for British sport when our Test players sail for Australia on Saturday to make the most determined effort we have ever put forward to regain "the Ashes."

For at last, in one game at least, we are going to seek laurels in real earnest. We are going to drop that "It's only a game after all" idea that has lost us so many laurels in the world of sport.

The M.C.C., the governing body of cricket, has, in arranging this Test match tour, definitely set about knocking the picnic out of cricket.

It has been drastic—so drastic that there will be no general agreement with the plans it has made for the forthcoming tour.

## *Spirit that ruins*

The long history of Test matches in Australia bristles with proofs that the easy-going spirit that has been encouraged when English teams have gone down under has ruined our chances in countless matches, undermined the characters of some of our finest players, and even wrecked the marriages and homes of county players whose names are a byword all over England.

Something had to be done—and the M.C.C. has done it.

It is sending to Australia this winter a team perfectly disciplined, ready to sink self for the good of the team in an effort to bring back "the Ashes."

That has meant stamping on a few corns. But why not? The game matters more than the individual.

Some of our best professionals guessed that there was going to be a tightening up of discipline when the choice of captain fell on D. R. Jardine, as breezy and cheerful a sort as you will find anywhere in his private life, but an absolute Spartan where "the game" is concerned.

And they knew why they had not been invited.

Now you know why certain great players who are too turbulent by nature to knuckle down to strict training and real discipline are missing from the team, and why there are so many amateurs in it.

If the side we shall field in the Test matches does not represent Britain's very best, at least it will be comprised of players who will work best together in a team in which Discipline will be Twelfth Man—and the best man of the lot.

## *Wrecks who return*

Think what some of these tours have meant in the past, and you will realise how essential it has become for the controlling body to wield a firm hand.

Really first-rate English teams have gone to Australia and shocked us by the consistently low level of their play—so bad, often, that it seemed as if a spell had been cast over them.

There have been players who have gone to Australia as good, sound, temperate Englishmen, who have come home after eight months demoralised.

There are cricketers' wives who say that they owe their domestic unhappiness and even the break-up of their homes to the day when their husbands were picked to play for their country in one part of the Empire or another.

One former England player drinks his way from one night - haunt of London to another, reduced from a fine upstanding player, who always delighted the crowd, to a trembling wreck.

Yet another, who would still be playing cricket if he had not been chosen to figure in a Test match, has been reduced to acute poverty by intemperance, and only becomes a real man again once a year, when he goes to Lord's (in the cheap seats) to watch an annual fixture that holds many pathetic memories for him.

*The figure which looms largest in the new, sterner spirit of English Test cricket is that of Jardine, the skipper. His presence means that we are making a more determined, more concentrated effort to bring back "the Ashes" than ever before. And here are eleven of the men who are going to follow him to victory . . .*

PAYNTER DUCKWORTH LEYLAND LARWOOD VOCE WYATT

Why? It is not because an invitation to play for England is an invitation to take part in eight months of bacchanalian revelry. It is not that the M.C.C., or any of the captains or managers of All-England teams, have ever encouraged the players into any excess.

There has never been any organised revelry on these tours, never a captain or manager who would stand for intemperance in drink or anything else on the part of one of his players.

No, certain men have become soft and demoralised despite all the hopes and alertness of the men in charge.

Teams have lost the winning spirit because—even when there has been no thoroughly demoralised player among them—there have been several hopelessly out of condition as the result of that well-meant but excessive hospitality that captains look out for but can never entirely check.

## *Ordeals aboard*

There is only one way of stamping it out—and that way is by more intensive discipline. A firmer captain than England has ever had before. A greater reluctance to make special concessions to an individual player. A keener vigilance to ensure that a player shall keep in rigid training from the moment he leaves England.

"Back to the days when professionals were treated as pawns," some critics describe it. "Taking away the liberty of the cricketer," say others.

You have only to realise a few things about such a tour to understand how necessary discipline is.

How demoralising can be that journey to Australia, those weeks on what seems a cramped deck after the county cricket grounds of England, how the heat that tends to induce intemperance, and how so-called friends want to lavish on an All-England player just the things that are not good for him!

## *Lavish hosts*

You have to remember the hero-worship of Australia, where cricket is more than a game, where it means more even than baseball does to America or bull-fighting to Spain.

Already wealthy Australian hosts will be preparing to welcome their cricketing guests from the home-land. And some of them will not stop at mere entertaining, if they have their way. They will overwhelm them with hospitality.

It might be all right for Australian-born cricketers, who have grown up accustomed to this lavishness, and are acclimatised to Australian weather.

But to young Englishmen straight from a cricket season in which they are more often driven to the pavilion by rain than burnt by the sun, it can spell moral and physical suicide if a man does not keep a firm hold of himself.

He has to contend with hard-fought matches that may last for as long as seven days, played in blistering, fevering heat; with days spent on long train journeys without the prospect of half an hour's exercise, with more days of hard play in the gruelling sun waiting at the other end.

The Australians are great-hearted

*The Human Machine*

## What's Worth While?

*WHOSE life are you living—your own, or other people's? This is not nearly such a simple—or silly—question as it may sound, for few people realise until they sit down and think about it how much they allow themselves to be influenced in what they do and in what they think by what they imagine others will think of them.*

*Very few people indeed have the strength of character or the singleness of mind to go their own way regardless of what their friends and neighbours may say about them. They are afraid of voicing their own opinions, they are afraid even of owning their opinions, lest someone should sneer at them.*

*Courage in the small, everyday things of life is not a common quality. People are so afraid of "lowering" themselves in other people's eyes, so fearful of making a "bad impression" on others.*

*Why should any of us fear these things? Why should we try to arrange our lives as other people would have them? Our job is to live our own lives.*

*If we have weaknesses, our job is to overcome them. If we have strength, our job is to develop it and use it. If we have convictions and principles, our job and our duty is to follow them wherever they may lead, irrespective of any consequences whatever.*

*A man's real purpose in life should be to live for and to strive towards what he himself believes to be worth while. Once he is sure that it is worth while he should not allow anyone or anything to swerve him from his chosen path.*

*"One must be lost in pursuit to be found in achievement," said a great thinker. That is the whole point—and it is worth thinking out.*

# Behind the TEST TEAM

## DISCIPLINE is OUR TWELFTH MAN

SUTCLIFFE BROWN VERITY MITCHELL TATE

*Shrewd "Plum" Warner knows when to expect danger and how to combat it when it comes. "He'll neither molly-coddle them nor let them go their own sweet way"*

people, but in that fact lies a big danger to our players, especially our young players.

D. R Jardine is the man to counter that danger, and the M.C.C. is relying on him to do so. He knows how to turn down proffered hospitality so nicely that his refusal is as acceptable as an acceptance. He knows how to be stern when sternness is necessary for the good of the game.

When serving under a captain he has been as ready to accept discipline as the newest joined professional. And he therefore expects discipline from all who serve under him when he is captain, and if he doesn't get it, knows exactly how to act.

### *Too tolerant?*

There are some players who criticise him as belonging to the old school of cricket, and regard him as a reactionary who will destroy much of the happy family spirit that prevailed in All-England teams serving under Percy Chapman—the best-loved captain England ever had, with both teams and spectators—and "dear old Gilligan."

Chapman and Gilligan never really succeeded in stamping out that over-generous hospitality of the Australian crowd, and that indifference of many players to the rigorous training that is essential if they are to leave Australia as fit as they entered it.

There are captains who would regard it as unwarrantable to interest themselves in the "off-duty" hours of the players they lead—and Chapman and Gilligan are something of that type.

Douglas Jardine is different. He will not do anything in his private time that may affect his play on the morrow. But he goes further—he expects the same rigorous self-control from his players. More than that—demands it.

And England's new captain is going to get good backing in his disciplinary task. There is going to be no danger that his position will be weakened by other executive heads who do not share his views.

The manager of the team will be "Plum" Warner. What he does not know about colonial tours is not worth bothering about. He is aware of all the dangers, and he knows the remedies. If Jardine is in any difficulty as to whether anything is likely to be for the good of the side or not, "Plum" Warner will be able to tell him.

He, too, is of that "old school," a man who does not believe it is for the benefit of the game either to mollycoddle your players or let them go their own sweet way.

He will have as his assistant manager Lionel Palairet, as firm a disciplinarian as you will find in the game.

The M.C.C. has itself set an example of the firmness it expects to be exercised in Australia.

"No wives," it said, as indeed it said during that last All-England visit to Australia, though an exception was made in the case of Jack Hobbs.

"No wives—and no exceptions," it insisted this time. And even when Robins said he could not go unless he took his wife, the M.C.C. refused to change its rule, and so it was announced that Robins had declined the invitation for family reasons.

It was not easy to let a rule stand in the way of sending England's best googly bowler to Australia, especially as he would be more likely to spread the wickets of "Boy" Bradman than any other Englishman. But that is the spirit of the M.C.C. to-day.

It is a mixed blessing—this leaving the wives at home.

Undoubtedly the presence of their womenfolk has sometimes been a disturbing influence in the team. There have even been instances of backbiting between the different wives.

The players themselves have been good sportsmen when they have been dropped from a Test match eleven.

But some of the women have been embittered, have alleged unfair influences. They have first tried to sting their husbands into drastic action, and have even remonstrated with the captain themselves.

It has not been found good for a player to be moving about Australia accompanied by a wife who has a grievance. And it is certainly bad for a captain to have to add to the duties that fill all his waking hours the work of keeping the peace between wives.

Yet consider the other side.

Most of the players who go to Australia are young married men. Always we send them at the end of our own cricket season, when they have been away so long from their homes that their womenfolk have become a little weary of the separation.

And then they sail away for eight months—only to return to start another English cricket season and tour the country again, leaving, once more, their wives at home.

Then they may soon be off again on the next winter's tour—to the West Indies, or India, or Africa.

### *Dictators we want*

Who can wonder that the wives want to go, and that the M.C.C. has to steel its heart to prevent them from doing so?

But cricket's ruling body—the only Board of Control connected with British sport that knows how to rule like a Mussolini—is right.

Results have proved it, and will prove it again.

Twenty years ago people were quite sure that cricket was dying. They pointed to our pre-eminence in other sports, but spoke of our great summer pastime as finished. Now we have suffered eclipse in the other sports—but cricket still lives on.

Other sporting authorities might learn a lesson from our oldest game. They might with advantage take a leaf out of the M.C.C.'s book.

Then, perhaps, more sporting laurels will come back to Old England, just as we all hope "the Ashes" will.

***Few people realise what an ordeal those weeks aboard are to the English Test cricketers. Here are cheerful members of the last team photographed before sailing***

# Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to DEAN INGE

# No Wonder St. Paul's is Falling Down!

MY DEAR DEAN,—I do not know what to make of you.

Now and then I find you very frank about something which matters. Then, a few days pass, and I read that you have uttered egregious nonsense of the type that makes the man-in-the-street wonder why some preachers earn such big salaries.

The trouble with you is that you belong to the past. You are a very clever man, but all your cleverness is the cleverness of other people.

You have read what other people wrote a long time ago, and you have read what other people are said to have said in the centuries that have gone.

You have lived in a study, surrounded by books of most serious size, until your brain has become chock-full of all the ideas of all the other people who, while they were in front, perhaps, once, are now woefully behind.

* * *

You were a joke at Oxford when, a don, they called you "The Wet 'Un."

Then you rose to ecclesiastical importance and they gave you the custody of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Now, Christianity should bring brightness to the world. You make its teachings seem a diatribe of gloom.

One day, reading some of this, the news editor of the *Daily Mail* put you down on his news-list, that morning, as "The Gloomy Dean." It went in the paper. It stuck You have been "The Gloomy Dean" ever since, so gloomy that I sometimes think you look like a blackbeetle and, on other occasions, like a public hangman on the way to his own execution.

You must have a sense of humour, because you once wrote me, when I asked you how you pronounced your name, "My name rhymes with thing." Yet much of your utterances is colourless and drab. They have said of you, "Inge makes an ideal Dean in St. Paul's because he is a Buddhist who hates the working-classes."

You went in for journalism not long ago, and lectured us all ponderously on how terrible we were when we wanted a better world.

"Inge is not so much a pillar of the Church," they said, then, "as a couple of columns in the *Evening Standard*."

You were a little ashamed of it, I think. You told me yourself, once, that your journalism had been criticised by many people, and you were never quite sure whether you ought to do it or not.

"If you have something to say," I replied, "you cannot help it."

But I am afraid you have nothing to say that matters, except that, every now and then, you stand up and attack other Churches to their annoyance. Christianity is turning the other cheek—not cheeking the other turn.

"Modern works of art," you said once, "all suffer from elephantiasis. I, as a good Tory, respect the blasting influence of Bolshevism."

What utter nonsense! They once talked like that of the Rembrandts.

* * *

I remember a terrible row in your cathedral when the Bishop of Birmingham was speaking there, once. I can recall how, once, when you were giving a Lenten address in Leicester Cathedral, a man stepped from a pew in the nave and shouted "Nonsense."

"Popular novels represent sex as the supreme fact in life," you have complained, ignoring the fact that frankness is more a virtue than a vice.

"We have seen Christ, Who refused to arbitrate in disputes about property, and Whose first and last words about economics were, 'Do not worry about these things, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of them,' turned into a Socialist agitator." This has been one of your moans.

Whenever a brave clergyman has come forward and demanded that "Thy Kingdom come" meant a better world, you have retired to your deanery and become more old-fashionedly diehard than ever.

Christ moved among the common people. He braved orthodoxy. He had no place among the high-placed theologians of His time.

* * *

I doubt if really you have much to say, in spite of the length of it all.

I remember, once, sitting next to you at a literary lunch, when you were to propose "Literature," and I, for heaven knows what reason, was down to reply. You stood up and read, as your speech, an old article of yours, a printed copy of which you concealed between your hands.

I do not call that speech-making. I do not call it the utterance of a man who had anything vital to say.

And, believe me, my dear Dean, in these days, unless a man has something vital to say, something that will broaden opinion, something that will tend to ameliorate the terrible conditions of the country, something that will give us faith again, he had better keep his mouth shut.

I do not wonder that St. Paul's is always falling down.

Hannen Swaffer

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**The MARQUESS OF READING,**
***British Empire Cancer Campaign***

MY LORD,—I trust your society is investigating *all* methods of cancer treatment and research.

There have been suggestions that this is not being done. And Dr. Gouldesborough, the radiologist, complains that his claim to a cure has not been sufficiently examined to warrant any decision being made.

I do not know whether his claim is justified or not. But I do know that it is the duty of your body to examine it thoroughly as well as all others from reputable research workers.

JOHN BULL.

**LORD LEVERHULME,**
***Unilever House, London***

MY LORD,—The celebration of Founders' Day by all ranks of the colossal business founded by your father does more than keep his memory fresh.

It is an inspiring proof of friendship among a huge community of workers.

Your father once said, "Let no business man ever be afraid to laugh—laughter is the finest tonic the world ever knew."

And this happy festival binds the world in a girdle of happiness, for its celebrants are not confined to one country, but are counted in many.

It is more than a unique industrial spectacle, it is an exhilarating industrial portent.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ABRAHAM SONNING,**
***Harrow Road, London, W.***

DEAR SIR,—A man who had tramped two hundred miles to London in a vain search for work threw a brick through your window.

It was a wrong thing to do, but you understood. You told the magistrate you would pay the fine, induced him to make no order for damages as the window was insured, and added to your plea for leniency an offer to help the man in other ways.

Give me your hand, sir!

JOHN BULL.

**Rev. T. E. DAVIS,**
***Carnarvon***

DEAR SIR,—Church membership can be refused to a publican's wife if she takes part in her husband's business. This proposal, made by a committee of which you were a member, has just been accepted by the North Wales Calvinistic Methodists.

So you've won. But I fail to see how such over-righteousness can help either your Church or the temperance cause.

Besides, as Principal Phillips said, there's the question of hotels and railway buffets. Do you refuse to drink tea in an hotel because it also sells liquor?

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. O. J. R. HOWARTH,**
***Secretary, British Association***

DEAR SIR,—The civic reception of the members of the British Association, it has been said, was "a disgrace to Yorkshire hospitality."

You did well to reply that the warmth of a welcome doesn't depend on lavish expenditure.

Besides, gluttony is out of fashion. Not only on grounds of economy, but because it is slowly being realised that the poor and hungry should be the first to be feasted.

And that's another step forward in the science of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. CYRIL DRAKE,**
***Hull***

DEAR CYRIL,—You are a cripple, and can't swim.

Yet you dived into the Humber to save a boy, and supported him till assistance arrived, though he had gripped you round the neck and you were in grave difficulties.

You may not be strong, but there's nothing wrong with your courage.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir E. HILTON YOUNG,**
***Minister of Health***

DEAR SIR,—Stoke-on-Trent has been forced to stop building council houses "in the interests of national economy." Yet it has a waiting list of 2,500 people.

One result is that several families have been fined for sleeping in tents. They had been evicted from condemned houses.

For the condemning of old property still goes on, though no new houses can be built.

There are some mad "economies" which must go. This is one.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. JACK HYLTON,**
***Cranbourn Street, London, W.***

DEAR JACK,—You have a heart bigger than the big drum in your band, though it doesn't advertise itself so loudly.

Finding two poor Glasgow boys, promising musicians, whose father was workless, and who had never had a chance, you brought them to London to give them that chance.

That's sweet music to me. Good luck to them—and you.

JOHN BULL.

**P. C. NICHOLAS M'CORMICK,**
***Belfast Police***

CONSTABLE,—When a woman asked why you had frightened her child, you used bad language, kicked her and twisted her arms, and dragged her to the police station.

Your sergeant found that her hands were bleeding and her arms bruised. Such a thing had never happened before, he said, and he hoped would never happen again.

I heartily agree. Perhaps your fine of £3 will teach you a lesson.

JOHN BULL.

**The MANAGER,**
***Tooting Employment Exchange, London***

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on abolishing the queues of unemployed outside your exchange on the grounds that they are undignified.

As I have said before, there is no reason why the workless should not be allowed to attend employment exchanges at different times to "sign on" or draw "the dole."

Other local managers should follow your excellent example.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. LORD SANKEY,**
***Lord Chancellor***

MY LORD,—Fuller information should be given to the public about funds locked up in the High Court. A committee has just made this recommendation, and I trust you will carry it out.

You would thus save many unfortunate people from being swindled by rogues who inform them that they are entitled to fantastic sums of money lying dormant in Chancery.

JOHN BULL.

# A BETTER WORLD for the CHILDREN

*The poorest child in the poorest home has access to-day to the book of knowledge*

—*by*—

## A. G. Gardiner

IT may be, as I suggested last week, open to question whether the modern world which the scientists have given us is a happier and more desirable world than that of our forefathers.

But there is one aspect of the modern world about which there can be no doubt whatever. It is a better world for children. It is more humane, more intelligent and more entertaining.

If any assurance is needed on this point, turn to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hammond's great trilogy on the Industrial Revolution, "The Village Labourer" and the rest. There is nothing more shocking in that revelation of the England of our grandfathers than the appalling treatment of the children.

Or read Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," or Dickens' immortal picture of "Little Work'us" in "Oliver Twist."

I remember Dr. Clifford once being challenged to prove his assertion that the world was socially better than in past times.

"I know it is better," he said. "I know that when I was a child of eight I was called at five every morning to go and tend bobbins in a factory for twelve hours a day. And I know that to-morrow morning in all this land there is not a single child who will be wakened from its sleep to undergo such a cruel wrong."

The greatest and most beneficent achievement of the last generation is not the emancipation of women—important as that is—but the emancipation of the child. It has come into its kingdom with universal acclaim, and its interests take precedence of all other considerations.

The old barbarities have vanished. Child labour is a thing of the past. Infantile mortality has been reduced by half. Medical treatment is universal, and most of the afflictions of childhood have been modified or eliminated.

### *Hunger banished*

When I was young starvation was a commonplace of the poor, but it is almost true to say that to-day every child, even in a time of unprecedented unemployment, is assured of a square meal.

And it is not merely the physical condition of children which has undergone so salutary a change. Their mental well-being, too, has been revolutionised. Napoleon's maxim that the career should be open to capacity has been realised, and the educational ladder stands ready for all who have the will and the ability to mount it.

No one who remembers the old, foul, insanitary structures in which the children of the poor were herded fifty years ago, the huge classes, the harshness of the methods, and the entire lack of the humanities of life that prevailed can fail to rejoice at the happier conditions in which the children of to-day are born.

School is no longer a horror to be endured, but an experience to be enjoyed. Its effects as a civilising influence are visible on every hand.

You have only to contrast the behaviour and standards of conduct of, say, a Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath to-day with the horseplay and brutality of similar crowds a generation or two ago to understand the vast step that has been taken in the interval towards a civilised community.

Nor is it in the school only that the opportunities of the children to become educated and to develop the art of living have been enriched. The atmosphere of the home has changed as much as the atmosphere of the school. The relations of parents and children have been radically altered, and I think for the better.

Just as Coleridge's picture of Bowyer, the famous headmaster of Christ's Hospital, thrashing his pupils like a maniac is a thing of the past, so the spectacle of the child in the home awed and dumb in the presence of the Olympians is out of date.

The modern child is more often the tyrant of the household than the tyrannised, and the parent is content to teach by example rather than by precept, which is good not only for the child, but also for the parent.

A new spirit of companionship between the young and their elders has taken the place of the old tradition of keeping the child in its place, "seen and not heard."

### *Food for the mind*

I daresay this new liberty for Young Hopeful is sometimes overdone, but taken in the lump, the rising generation justifies the experiment, and it certainly makes for the happiness and freedom of childhood.

And there is another respect in which the education of the home has undergone an important and beneficial change. Just as the children of the poor a generation or two ago were often starved physically, so they were starved mentally. Indeed, the mental starving was more common even than the lack of food.

The average poor home when I was a child fifty or sixty years ago was almost destitute of any appeal to the things of the mind.

Music, there was none, beyond

perhaps a concertina or that abomination a musical box. Books were hardly more in evidence. There was a Bible, of course, and, if you were lucky, a Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," perhaps — oh! joy! — a "Robinson Crusoe," possibly a "Young Man's Best Companion," a "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

But, broadly speaking, the book of knowledge was closed to nine children out of ten—nay, to ninety-nine out of a hundred. The idea that literature and the arts were a part of the elements of living for the poor as well as the rich had not dawned either on the home or on the publishers.

*Lloyds* (now defunct) and the *News of the World*, both week-end papers, were the only contact with the contemporary world, and the popular Press did not exist.

Until Cassell's little library of threepenny classics appeared fifty years ago there was nothing available to stir the mind of impoverished youth to the great world of thought, feeling and ideas.

Popular education had become universal, but there was nothing to read. The monumental "Encyclopædia Britannica" existed only for the few, and of popular encyclopædias, such as that which is now to be made available for the readers of this journal, there was none.

### *Knowledge for all*

To those who have acquired the encyclopædia habit, who know the joy of satisfying the thirst for an answer to all the multitudinous questions that arrive in this multitudinous life, this poverty of the past will be intelligible.

It was a poverty which was the peculiar affliction of the child who is born craving knowledge with no less zest than he craves food or light.

In all these respects how different is the modern home! How much happier the state of the modern child!

Through that astonishing discovery which rains voices to us from the air—the most potent discovery, I believe, in all human history—the poorest child in the poorest home has access to all the best that has been sung or said in a measure that the sons of monarchs had not a brief generation ago. Music and art and science, literature and learning are his without money and without price.

And with his curiosity awakened and his faculties released, the publisher comes along and spreads before him all the treasures of scholarship, not in inaccessible forms, but in editions suited to the purse of the poorest.

There is not a home that need be impoverished to-day in regard to the things of the mind—not a child that hungers for knowledge which cannot be satisfied.

Yes, the child who is born in the world to-day has "struck it lucky." I hope that he will show that he can make good use of his luck. I think he will.

---

*Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Anton J. Cermak, Mayor of Chicago, on*

# Chicago, Home *and* Booty

SAY! what is wrong with youse guys over here?
On truth have you placed an embargo,
That your papers persistently publish such rude,
Irresponsible, damaging, cock-eyed and crude
Allegations regarding Chicago?

As mayor of that city, I stoutly assert
That you all have the falsest impressions.
Its name calls up visions of murders galore.
Of bootleggers, hijackers, gunmen and gore—
But these are mere Press-made transgressions.

Chicago, indeed, is a haven of peace,
And daily it's growing more toney.
And if you should read of more hold-ups and see
Long accounts of masked gangsters—just take it from me
That it's sure just a lot of boloney!

"A lot of boloney!" was the expression I used to your noosepaper guys, and I repeat it, here and now; for it sure gets my goat to see the way the beautiful city of which I am mayor is maligned in the Press.

It was my punk luck that I'd scarce done telling what a nice town ours is, and how rarely guns go off, when someone arrived with a noosepaper account of ten people in Chicago being kept prisoners for fourteen hours in a safe deposit while a masked gang drilled 350 safe-deposit boxes and got away with £50,000.

This, you can take it from me, was just one of those unhappy incidents which occur in even the best-regulated cities. For haven't I told your intervooers: "Why, you have more crime in London than we have!"

Doesn't this stand to reason, seeing that your police are unarmed? How can you suppress your gangsters if your cops don't carry guns? . . . What's that? You haven't got any gangsters? . . . Say, come off it! Don't think you can pull that stuff on me!

And, look here, youse folks, I wish you'd quit peddling bunk about Al Capone. . . . What's that? Sure I've heard of him, but he just means nothing in my young life! He once did a certain amount of shooting-up in our bailiwick, but we put him away, and there's no sense in keeping on jaw-wagging about him.

All that Capone stuff belongs to the past, and we're trying to forget it. Why, nowadays, believe me, you can walk about Chicago for hours without hearing a machine-gun fired!

And let me tell you, too, that some of our biggest florists have gone out of business because of the falling-off in orders for wreaths for gangsters' funerals.

* * *

What's that you say about statistics? Look-ee here, big boy, get this: I didn't cross the lil ole herring-pond to talk crime statistics. I came here to boost Chicago, and what I say goes—see?

Next year we're having our second World's Fair, and I'm here to see that none of you stay away under a false impression.

Sure! Yep! Come to the Fair!
There'll you'll find frolic and uplift to spare!
Forget all the stories you've ever been told
Of judges corrupted by bootleggers' gold;
You'll be just as safe as are sheep in the fold—
Sure! Yep! Come to the Fair!

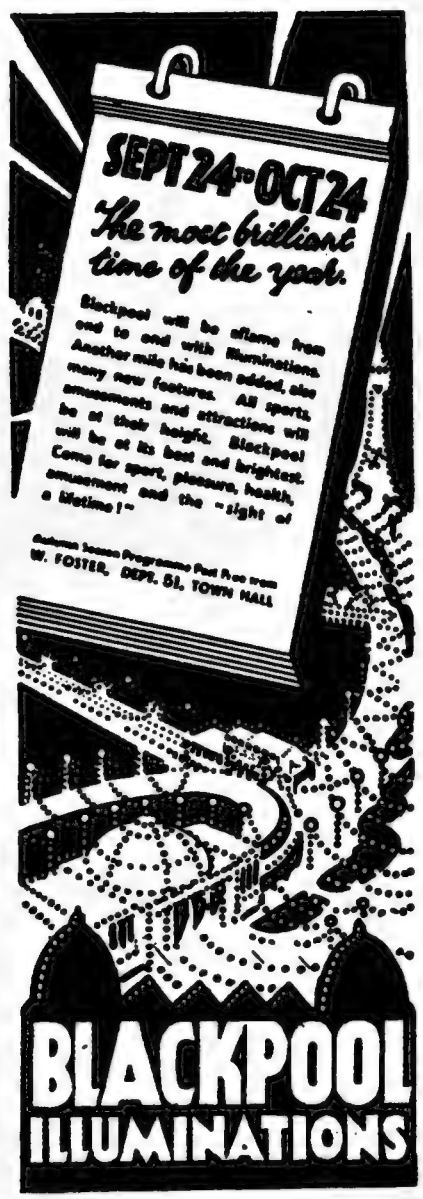
Sure! Yep! You will find there
Respect for the law is our tenderest care.
What's that? . . . Prohibition? . . .
You've nothing to fear.
Why *will* you believe all the hokum you hear?
Forget it! Chicago is *flowing* with beer!
Sure! Yep! Come to the Fair!

# EVERY WOMAN'S COMFORT

## Dangers of Ignorance

Every woman should know certain facts about her physiology and how to deal with irregularities and discomforts which may distress her. Slight symptoms that the internal membranes are not functioning as they should may grow into grave disorders if they are not checked. Yet how many women suffer unnecessarily and endanger health, happiness and good looks because they are too shy to ask advice. The excellent booklet published by the proprietors of Milton and entitled "Yes—but how shall I look ten years from now?" overcomes all these difficulties. A sensitive woman can learn from it, without embarrassment, facts that are as important as they are intimate. Written by a doctor, it contains sensible, straightforward advice about the personal hygiene which should be practised from fifteen to the fifties.

A line to the "Woman's Department" of Milton, whose address is 12, Brewery Road, London, N.7, will bring you a copy under plain sealed cover.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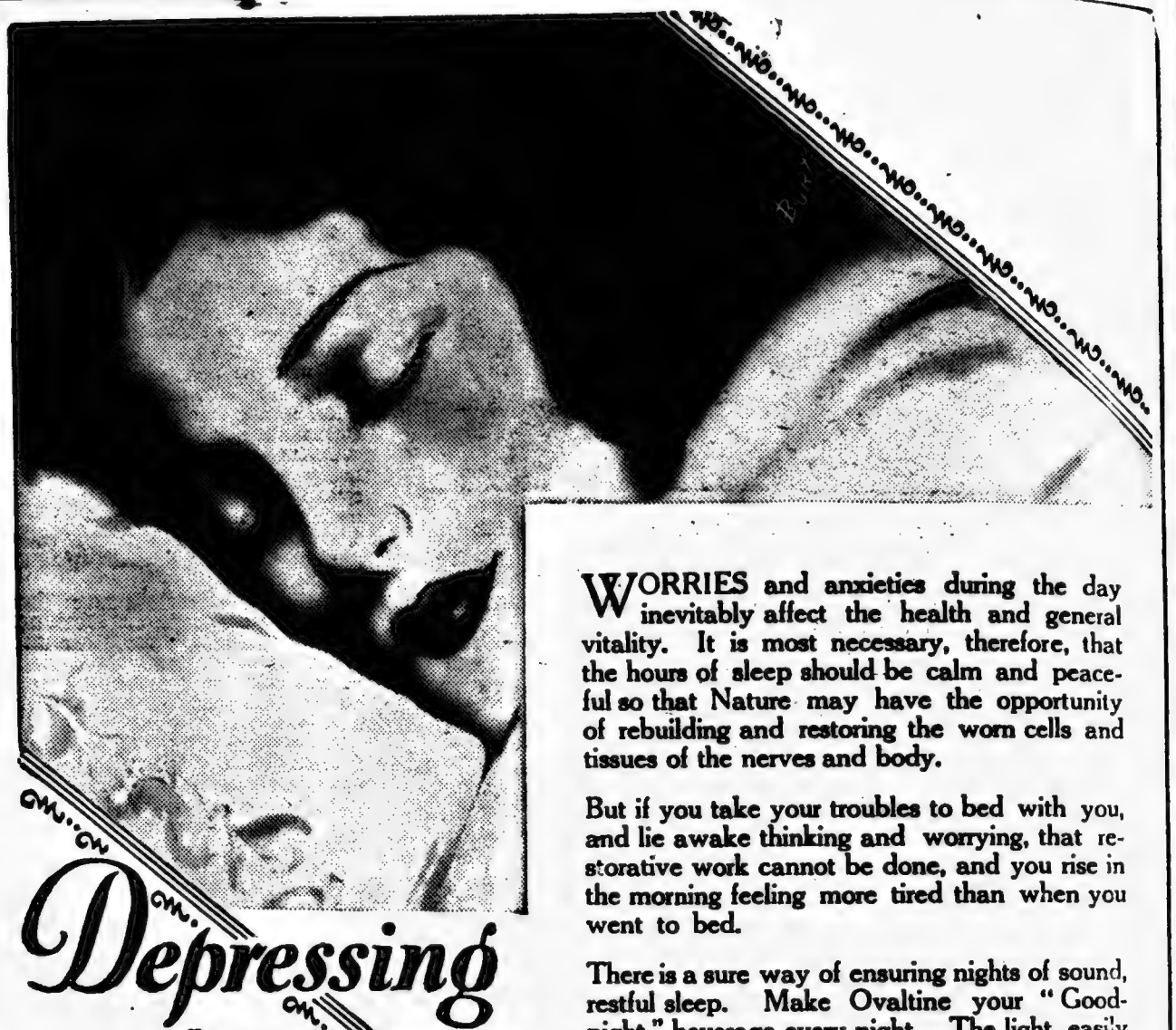

# Depressing days demand Good Nights

WORRIES and anxieties during the day inevitably affect the health and general vitality. It is most necessary, therefore, that the hours of sleep should be calm and peaceful so that Nature may have the opportunity of rebuilding and restoring the worn cells and tissues of the nerves and body.

But if you take your troubles to bed with you, and lie awake thinking and worrying, that restorative work cannot be done, and you rise in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed.

There is a sure way of ensuring nights of sound, restful sleep. Make Ovaltine your "Good-night" beverage every night. The light, easily assimilated nourishment it supplies prevents digestive unrest and quickly soothes the nerves into a passive state, so that the sweet unconsciousness of sleep comes swiftly and surely. From this dreamless, restful slumber you will awake gloriously refreshed and invigorated with new energy and vitality for the coming day.

"Ovaltine" is the world's best night-cap and is so acknowledged by countless thousands of persons in every country who formerly were sufferers from insomnia.

This delicious beverage is not a haphazard mixture but an original product made from malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. The quality and proportions of the ingredients, the exclusive and scientific process of manufacture and the ease of digestion distinguish "Ovaltine" from all other preparations. It contains no added sugar to cheapen the cost and reduce its supreme value.

In these days the utmost value must be obtained for all money spent. "Ovaltine" is the most economical food beverage you can buy. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal it and there is nothing "just as good."

# 'OVALTINE'

*Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep*

*Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland* 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3.

P850

# A WARNING to WOMEN with MONEY

*H. E. Borradaile—charmingly, tactfully, he'll rob you of all you've got, especially if you're a woman*

*If you are a woman of substance, keep your eye on Mr. Borradaile, and keep tight grip on your bank book*

THE danger of women with a little money to invest going into business with plausible and polished strangers, of whom they know nothing, is well instanced by two cases that have just come to the notice of JOHN BULL.

One woman, whose desire to invest her small capital led her to answer an advertisement in a daily paper, now, after months of hard work, not only finds herself idle, but is faced with the loss of every penny she had in the world.

Her answer to the advertisement brought an immediate reply outlining the splendid opportunities, including a job, offered by the investment of a few hundred pounds. It was from a firm with the high-sounding title of the International Development Trust, Salisbury House, Old Broad Street, London, and was signed by H. E. Borradaile.

## *Fatal second thoughts*

Several meetings followed. Mr. Borradaile was wonderfully optimistic about his proposition, which was connected with the sale of silk stockings. The woman consulted a business friend, and on his advice wisely decided to leave the matter alone.

Borradaile, however, did not. He continued to write to her, and after a few months his plausibility induced her to reverse her first decision.

She decided to advance the necessary money, and an agreement was drawn up.

At this time the International Development Trust was "developing" the silk stocking business through a so-called hosiery company.

But Borradaile was not, apparently, content with its success. The International Development Trust was out to solve that ever-present feminine problem—the tendency of stockings to "run."

He was about to launch a stocking company, and so optimistic was he that he undertook to register the company within a month of the money being advanced.

## *The fade-out*

The woman put down her money, and started to work for the firm, her salary being £3 a week.

At first everything went well. Borradaile was full of fortune-making schemes, and was ever on the point of bringing off "a big deal." He was always "the perfect gentleman"—or so it seemed.

Then, as scheme succeeded scheme, he was temporarily embarrassed for ready cash, and each time an emergency arose his investor-employee was induced to advance him further sums. The ladderless hosiery affair faded into the background.

Having left femininity thus in the lurch, Borradaile became concerned for the difficulties of motorists. He started to "develop" a battery compound which would put an end to all future troubles with car batteries.

Troubles in another direction developed, however, and Borradaile decided to leave motorists to settle their own problems.

## *She went on paying*

Next he was going to do big business with a firm in Regent Street. This needed a fresh supply of money, and again his glib tongue induced the woman to advance him a further sum.

But the Regent Street business, too, did not eventuate. In fact, subsequent enquiries showed that it existed largely in Borradaile's fertile mind.

A trip to Paris next became an urgent necessity if he was to bring off yet another big deal, and again his smooth tongue and charming manner prevailed, and further money was advanced to him by his victim.

By this time her funds were nearly exhausted, but so plausible was Borradaile that she still believed his difficulties were only temporary.

The next "development" shows Borradaile still concerned about benefiting the community. A burglar device that would end, once and for all, smash-and-grab raids was to be perfected and put on the market. This, too, needed cash, and once again the woman was prevailed upon to advance the necessary sum, although it represented the remainder of her capital.

She, apparently, informed Borradaile of this fact, for shortly afterwards he disappeared.

Now she is penniless. Her capital is gone, and with it her hopes of building up a business that would provide her with a livelihood.

All she has left are a few shares which Borradaile gave her as security for the original advance. These have paid her a small dividend, but she has been unable to negotiate them and is now faced with the necessity of selling her furniture in order to live.

We have made exhaustive enquiries about Harry Ernest Borradaile and are able to reveal that this suave scoundrel has made a practice of duping women.

He has been connected with a variety of dubious concerns at various addresses all over London, including Albemarle Street, Newman Street, Old Bond Street, Hart Street, and Church Street, Shaftesbury Avenue.

He swindled one woman out of an amount running into thousands of pounds through the Spanish Oilfields Holding Syndicate.

This was represented to own vast oilfields in Spain. So rich were these that in comparison British Government securities were a veritable gamble. Petroleum, the story ran, was literally seeping through the soil, and even Royal personages were interested in the project.

So persuasive was the gang with which Borradaile was then operating that his woman dupe was induced to sell good Government stock and invest the proceeds in this worthless scrip.

At that time Spain was one of Borradaile's pet "developments." The Spanish Government, according to all accounts, was greatly enamoured of him and Spanish grandees were eating out of his hand.

First he "developed" the oilfields, then turned his attention to Spanish gas. There was a fortune in it, he asserted, but here, too, the only fortunate person was himself.

That Borradaile is a man of many parts is shown by the variety of his ventures. From oil to gas is a natural enough step, but from these to beauty treatment is a big stride. Yet Borradaile made it.

As the Direct Beauty Supply Co., Hart Street, London, W.C., he did not fly quite so high as in his Spanish ventures. He was more or less content to appoint all and sundry on his selling staff—upon their paying £5 for the privilege.

## *"Nevershine"*

On this proposition he displayed his usual optimism. An average income of £600 a year could easily be made by agents selling "Evershine." The project, however, went the way of all Borradaile's schemes, which appear to justify his optimism only so far as he himself is concerned.

In the course of his flitting about London from one address to another he sometimes omits the formality of paying his rent. This was the case at his last known address, where he bilked the landlady of his apartment in central London.

A scoundrel who lives by preying on women with a little capital, he is supposed to be at present in France, but we have good reason to believe that he is still in London.

We invite the attention of the authorities to the cold-blooded way in which he has swindled his latest victim out of her hard-earned savings. It is about time that an end was put to his smooth-tongued activities.

---

**Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.**

# INTERLOPERS

THERE is an old saying that all the world loves a lover, and it is very true. When we hear that one young person has stolen another's heart we receive the news with a kindly smile and look out for a wedding.

But there is another sense in which the phrase is tragic. There is a kind of heart-stealing which is wickedness, and through selfishness or vanity breaks up homes and ruins lives.

"There is always some woman waiting round the corner to rob you of husband, child, or friend," said the mother of a family in my hearing one day. She had good cause for the outburst.

Change the sex of the speaker, and the observation would hold equally good.

A man whom I knew when we were both young writes to tell me that in the interval between then and now his whole career has been blighted by a man whom he trusted and went into partnership with.

The association ended in the partner luring away my informant's wife and leaving him broken-hearted and unable to recover his former business, the betrayer having left nothing behind him but debts for his victim to pay.

Sometimes the sinister influence of a third party divides parent and child. It is a bitter hour when you find your boy or girl turning against you through the machinations of some outsider who has replaced you in their affections.

It might be supposed in such a case that the father or mother was somehow to blame for not being careful to preserve a sympathetic touch with the tastes and aspirations of youth; but this is not always so.

Foolish young people, who have been accustomed to every kindness at home, may become wayward through listening to the voice of some person or persons whose ideals are anything but good. Later experience will usually correct these false and silly notions, but not till much harm has been done and pain endured.

One cannot truthfully say that the sorrow of those who are thus deprived of the loyalty of the children for whom they have done their best is likely to be fully compensated in this world.

Then there is the problem of incompatibilities of character and temperament in the home circle itself. Things are all right till someone arrives to share that domestic life who puts an end to its harmony. There is no more peace, no free interchange of thought, nothing but constraint varied by open disagreement.

There is no magic formula for getting rid of these troubles. With young people the best thing is patience, though never a sour and depressing patience; and it may have to be exercised for a long time.

When you win back the respect that is your due and the love that you value more, you will be fortunate if you hear the acknowledgment made that the erring ones know how much they wronged you. Be content to have them back and keep silence about the rest.

While the period of estrangement lasts with anyone, old or young, for whom you specially care, and who in consequence is able to hurt you deeply, try making no change in your demeanour. It is useless to fight and protest when love is being enticed away. It is difficult not to do so, but is usually fatal.

The more sincerely you can forgive and forget, the more surely will you come into your own.

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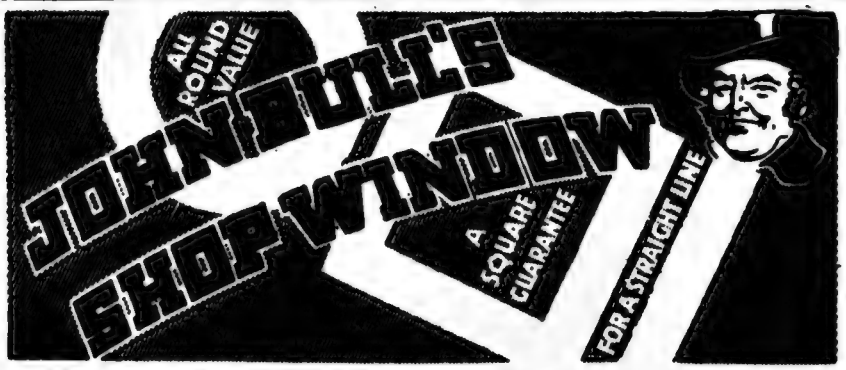


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## COSY & DAMP-PROOF

To advertise our catalogue, we offer men's cosy slippers at the advertising price of 2/10. Of imitation black levant leather finish (or imitation tan willow), these have a damp-proof rubber sole and heel moulded to upper, rendering them more flexible (and damp-proof on wet grass), than is possible with stiff leather soles. A fleecy wool lining adds to their cosy finish. Delightfully soft and a boon to tired feet. Send for a pair now (mention size) and they are yours by return.

BLACK or TAN.

Sizes 6 to 10.

2/10

Post of 1 or 2 pairs, 9d.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

# £1,000,000 FILM Combine CRASH

*One of the companies in this group sponsored a scheme to discover beautiful bathing girls at British resorts. This was another enterprise which ended in disaster*

INVESTORS in the film industry in this country have received many shocks. But I doubt if any has been so great as that which some thousands of men and women have received in connection with a group of amazing film companies which promised so much and achieved so little.

The companies to which I refer have in one way or another raised from the investing public hundreds of thousands of pounds, and are known throughout the country as the "Pearson Group," deriving their name from Mr. George William Pearson, of Douglas Mansions, Kensington, and Wardour Street, W.

Mr. Pearson may be a man with great ideas, but his methods have proved themselves to be expensive in the extreme, as I shall show.

Among his multifarious interests, his chief activities of late have centred round a £350,000 company called Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., which was started two years ago to achieve startling successes in the film industry.

Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., was brought into being by Mr. Pearson mainly for the purpose of financing and bringing to life, among others, some film companies which, under his distinguished direction, had started off just as rosily, but, unfortunately, ended in financial chaos.

Mr. Pearson, through Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., was, in other words, "to save the situation" and clear up the disastrous state of affairs which had been brought about mainly through unbounded optimism.

His £350,000 scheme, I say unhesitatingly, was one which should never have been put into action.

From records before me I am not surprised to see that opposition to the formation of the Audible Filmcraft Co. was very keen. Nevertheless, with his spectacular showmanship and assuring promises that all would be well he got the company going.

## Miracle wanted

So it came about that shareholders who had staked everything in the derelict companies thus merged by Mr. Pearson in the new concern had to hand over the unmarketable shares they held in the other ventures, and, in so doing, provided further stipulated sums of money to finance the new enterprise.

In passing, I may say that some very objectionable share-pushing methods were employed by salesmen who, in high-powered cars, called upon shareholders of the Group, and, with stories which have since been found to be grossly exaggerated, induced them to part with even further sums.

To-day, with a further £100,000 raised through this scheme that was to turn the tides of failure into success, the position is worse than it has ever been; and, to my mind, success in any form, however small, could only come by a miracle.

Such a scheme was bound to bring about complications. That Mr. Pearson has since realised this is shown by the fact that not long ago he confided to a friend that instead of asking for more money he ought to have told the shareholders they had lost everything.

Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., was formed in a manner which, to say the least, is extremely unorthodox.

It is usual when a company is formed to take over other derelict concerns to issue proper balance-sheets and accounts, with lucid statements showing clearly the assets and liabilities involved.

That was not done in this case, and the disquieting fact emerging to-day from subsequent events is that even now, more than two years later, balance-sheets of the new company cannot be obtained.

A few days ago Mr. Pearson addressed a stormy meeting of the disillusioned shareholders, to whose numbers countless creditors have now been added.

In spite of everything he appeared to be his own optimistic self, distinguishing himself in one instance by calling one inquisitive, but anxious, shareholder "a silly chump."

Several shareholders, I am glad to note, criticised very strongly the manner in which they had been imposed upon by share-pushing salesmen.

Mr. Pearson stated that he had had nothing to do with that part of the business, and that the salesmen had been instructed to do what they did by a concern called the Melbourne Trust.

"I cannot be responsible for the things they said when I was not with them," added Mr. Pearson.

Yet the fact remains that these salesmen carried with them a letter signed by Mr. Pearson.

A resolution from the platform that the company should be voluntarily wound up was, I am glad to say, unanimously defeated. Despite this, Mr. Pearson remained supreme and retorted that he could end the meeting in any manner he liked.

## Weekly Informations
### *from* MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I have no doubt that many of the people present were quietly expressing very strong opinions about Mr. Pearson because of the manner in which their money had melted away.

As Mr. Pearson at this meeting told nothing whatever about the real affairs of his companies, it was pointed out to him that, although it was incumbent upon him by law to supply shareholders with properly audited accounts at least seven clear days before the meeting was held, the accounts had not been provided.

And Mr. Pearson had to make the startling admission that he had not even a copy of the accounts on the platform for his own use!

## Very remarkable

After several shareholders had given their views, and the atmosphere had grown tense, he made the astonishing statement that he could not present the accounts because there was not sufficient money left to pay the auditors for compiling them!

Some very remarkable things occurred at this meeting.

One concerned an ex-director, Alderman Cummings, who boldly announced that he had resigned long ago because things were being conducted in such an unsatisfactory manner that he could not allow his name to be associated with the concern.

Alderman Cummings revealed that Mr. Pearson held no regular directors' meetings, and alleged that he appeared to imagine that he could go along for ever raising more money, and refused to reveal to his co-directors information when specifically requested to do so.

## My questions—

This is exactly what he did, and "scenes of disorder" reigned before the shareholders—who, having invested in other disastrous concerns, had been induced to reinvest in this last fiasco—were finally dispersed.

Now I will come to some very pertinent questions, which, in the interests of shareholders, I wish to address to Mr. Pearson.

When Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., made its appeal to the public for further money (not a penny of which now remains in hard cash), he gave his opinion on the causes of the failures of the companies being merged.

One was called Whitehall Films. He attributed its failure to the fact that it did not have its own means of distribution.

It is interesting, therefore, to hear, when Whitehall Films was wound up compulsorily—not voluntarily, as was proposed in the case of the present collapsing company—what the Official Receiver had to say about it.

The Official Receiver, Mr. J. Barwick-Thompson, said that, in his view, it was perfectly clear that the collapse was due to mismanagement on the part of the directors, many of whom lacked all knowledge of the industry

Another of the companies taken over was called British Filmcraft Production, which, apart from failing similarly with huge losses, discredited itself by running several Film Star Beauty competitions, in which, solely as a publicity stunt, girls were led to believe that they would reach stardom at high salaries.

Actually, at the time one such competition was being conducted, Mr. Pearson was busying himself raising money to pay the salaries of his own executive staff, as there was no money available in the company's funds!

## What's his answer?

Why has there been such persistent reluctance to publish accounts?

The whole thing certainly calls for the most rigid investigation.

I think something should be done in this direction without delay, before the ambitious and optimistic Mr. Pearson tries to steady these catastrophic companies by making a further appeal for funds to the investing public.

# A CAD *in a* CAR

THE crook of to-day realises the value of first impressions in his "business," and, of all things, considers an expensive motor-car to be of real importance in the working out of his plans.

A certain Captain Adams has imbued confidence in many people when flashing around in one.

At Stockport recently he stayed in good style at an hotel as "Chief-Engineer Jordon," and stated that he was in the town for the purpose of arranging a big contract, for which he would require some twenty or thirty men.

There was no contract to be arranged, but the story impressed, and, on its strength, Adams ran up credit with many people and then disappeared, leaving them in the lurch.

At Chelmsford he stayed at another hotel, and while there cashed "dud" cheques on a wholesale scale. He even took money from a chauffeur to whom he had promised employment.

He made arrangements to meet the chauffeur at a street corner, and, on the pretext that he was short of cash to retrieve his car from the garage, induced the unemployed man to loan him all the money he possessed, and then disappeared.

Adams is a despicable scoundrel with scores of victims.

# "Withdraw them all"

*"Usual dispensing service this evening — nearly all the medicines are undamaged . . ." said the manager. "Not good enough!" replied Boots General Manager. "Withdraw them all!" Boots never sell medicines without knowing they are perfect.*

## *How Boots sacrificed drugs costing hundreds of pounds rather than take the slightest risk*

***Fire! Fire!*** The clanging of fire-bells broke the Sunday morning stillness of a Midland town. Crowds hurried along the old High Street . . . "Boots is on fire. Boots is on fire . . . !"

The manager of a nearby shop had seen smoke issuing from a side door . . . Instantly he had raised the alarm.

### *Three-quarters of an hour later*

Three-quarters of an hour later Boots local manager was telephoning his General Manager. "We've had a fire, but the shop is saved. Hullo! What's that . . . ? Yes; we are giving the usual dispensing service this evening—nearly all the medicines are undamaged."

"Not good enough," said the voice on the long-distance telephone.

"I don't understand . . . ?"

"How can you be certain the medicines are undamaged? Remember—no Boots drugs or medicines are allowed to be sold unless they are absolutely pure. *How can you be certain these are absolutely pure?* Heat may have reached them. Some of them may have deteriorated . . ."

"But there are thousands and thousands of bottles. What am I to do?"

"Withdraw them all," came the command. Boots never sell medicines without knowing they are perfect.

### TESTED DRUGS—*whole new stock in 48 hours*

Thousands of boxes and bottles—everything a customer entering a chemist's shop might ask for . . . All these had to be replaced *with drugs Boots could be certain were perfect.*

Temporary supplies of *tested* drugs were obtained instantly from the nearest Boots shop—a few miles away. No hold-up in the vital work of Boots dispensing service . . .

Meanwhile the central laboratories were busy. Within 48 hours the whole stock was new—from expensive serums and hospital supplies to ordinary Epsom salts. New, *tested* drugs and medicines straight from the vast Boots laboratories at Nottingham.

### *Why doctors send their patients to Boots*

Care like this is only a small part of the vast, nation-wide system which makes certain that every Boots drug and medicine is absolutely pure. Fully qualified analysts in the pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham test and re-test every Boots drug to make certain it is perfect . . .

That is why doctors send their patients to Boots *for all medicinal requirements.* Last year alone Boots dispensed over 4,600,000 doctors' prescriptions, served over 129,000,000 customers. This enormous demand lowers cost, too—"you pay less at Boots."

## *You can be certain it is pure*

## SPARKLING HEALTH SALT · 4½d · 8d

*(Specially prepared by Boots)*

**A sparkling effervescent health drink. It cools and purifies the blood. Take one or two teaspoonfuls twice daily for headaches, heartburn or bilious attacks. As as aperient to cleanse the stomach and liver take two teaspoonfuls in warm water on rising.**

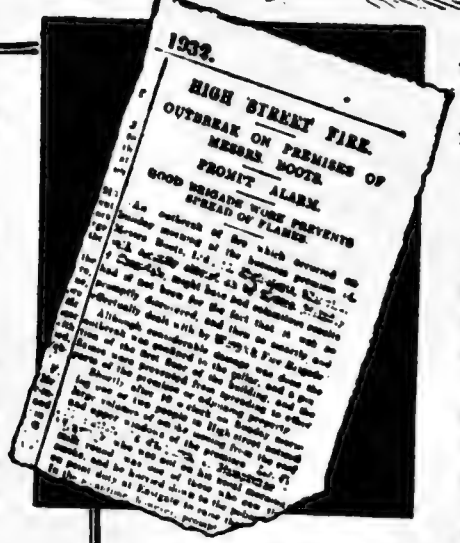
*ENORMOUS DEMAND LOWERS COST*

*BOOTS MEDICINES COST LESS*

TESTED JB

The Boots Chemists

*DISPENSING CHEMISTS*



1932.

HIGH STREET FIRE.

OUTBREAK ON PREMISES OF MESSRS. BOOTS.

PROMPT ALARM.

GOOD BRIGADE WORK PREVENTS SPREAD OF FLAMES

*Description of Boots fire, as published in the local newspaper. How Boots pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham restocked this whole shop with tested drugs and medicines in less than 48 hours.*

**THERE ARE BOOTS SHOPS AT ALL THE LARGER SEASIDE RESORTS TO SUPPLY YOUR HOLIDAY MEDICINAL NEEDS**

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

# MYSTERY of the MAN-EATING TREE

IN the mind of a child, Madagascar, the African island in the Indian Ocean, is associated with the pirate Captain Kidd, Sinbad the Sailor and the fabled roc bird that could truss elephants in its talons and carry them to its mountain nest for a meal.

In the mind of Captain Victor de la Mott Hurst, Madagascar is associated with a tree which trusses and devours human beings, with pigmy cannibals, and with tear-gas bombs.

Captain Hurst, a fascinating fellow who talks about strange places like a travel-book come to life, has for some years lived at various addresses in the Brighton district and is now at Braemore Road, Hove.

From there he has been inserting recently in the daily Press glamorous advertisements with the heading:

HIGH ADVENTURE—EXPLORATION —ROMANCE.

In these announcements, the captain, who describes himself as an author, invites men and women to accompany him and his wife on an expedition "to an unexplored island and through the least-known part of the world."

## "Roughing it" nicely

Thrilling adventures are promised, but the jaunt into the wilds will be made in the utmost comfort because "first-class throughout" is guaranteed, with wines and personal servants included.

From every person joining the party Hurst requires a payment of £525.

People in all stations of life in every part of Britain have written to him offering their company and services. Many applicants, and women in particular, have expressed willingness to throw up comfortable posts to follow him.

Pathetic indeed are the requests to be allowed to share the adventure which have flowed in from clerks, tradesmen, domestic servants and the like, all seeking relief from the monotony and drabness of their lives.

*Captain Victor de la Mott Hurst and his wife study Madagascar on the map*

Hurst is also appealing in America for recruits.

Madagascar, it transpires, is the island referred to in the advertisements, and it is surprising that a traveller with the experience which Hurst claims should label this French colony as "unexplored." We must have been wrong in our belief that everything worth knowing about it and its people was known long ago.

But up his sleeve Hurst has the ace of scientific knowledge. It is the man-eating tree, and he will not only guide his expedition to it, but make a film of it swallowing a victim and stage around it a kinema play to be shown afterwards on the screen all over the world.

Although the flora of Madagascar has been extensively recorded, this gruesome tree is unknown to botanical science, which, indeed, has never even suspected its existence.

Captain Hurst, however, knows all about it.

He will tell you if you are a prospective £525 investor that it is to be found in a dense forest which can only be reached after three days' canoeing along rivers so crowded with crocodiles that the water and its banks are often hidden by the reptiles. He will have at his service a great fleet of canoes and a hundred or so porters and guides.

## Human sacrifice

His description of this monster of the forest is extraordinarily minute. The tree, he says, is seven feet high and eighteen feet in girth, and in shape and appearance is exactly like a pineapple.

From the top of the tree there hang to within a few inches of the ground tendrils like those of an octopus and monster concave leaves nine inches thick and lined with thorns.

The human inhabitants of the forest, the captain relates, are pigmies who travel on the tree tops by leaping from branch to branch.

At regular periods the tribe becomes frenzied and fanatical by drinking a liquid which the "pineapple" tree exudes.

In their drunken revels the pigmies make sacrifice to the tree of the prettiest virgin in the tribe. They drive the unfortunate girl towards it at the spear-point and as soon as the tree feels the contact of her body its tendrils coil round her and the leaves enshroud and rise with her in their embrace to the summit, where she is masticated and consumed.

In a few minutes the juice from the tree is reddened with her blood and a week later the leaves fall again to the ground and cast out her bones.

All this Captain Hurst intends to film for the edification of the world. If the pigmies show hostility to him and his party he has some nasty medicine to give them. It will be in the form of tear-gas bombs.

When the natives have been driven off by his grenadiers, a cast of actors and actresses who are to be attached to the expedition will perform a film drama around the tree. Finally, the captain will blow it up with dynamite and take the fragments to Britain for dissection.

Where did Captain Hurst obtain such exact knowledge to justify the expenditure of thousands of pounds of other people's money in Sinbad's land?

Shame on your incredulity! Once, he says, he was in New York and there saw a copy of a letter written to a doctor in Poland fifty years ago by someone who watched the tree making a meal of a maiden. So it must be true.

There is no doubt Captain Hurst has travelled. And until a few weeks ago, when he lost the job and began advertising for adventurers with money, he was a commercial traveller, selling soap powder.

## Crumbs . . .

It does not seem likely that he will make any financial contribution to the costly and luxurious expedition.

We infer this from the fact that a few months ago, when pressed by a tradesman who supplied footwear to his family, he wrote pleading such poverty that he could discharge the debt at the rate of only five shillings monthly. Even that humble promise has not been kept.

The captain should be able to honour it, however, with the crumbs from the banquets of the man-eating tree.

*"The Greatest of These"—*

# An Ugly Scar

THE story of two-year-old Lily May, who visited us with her mother and baby sister born last April, is that of the majority of the homes of the unemployed.

*Lily May*

When her ex-Service dad is lucky enough to be in work, his weekly earnings average £3. Unfortunately, being a painter's labourer, his work is spasmodic, and Lily May's dad is worried because he has succeeded in getting only two months' work this year.

Out of his unemployment pay he has to meet a weekly rental of 15s.

Including Lily May, there are five young children, the eldest, a boy of seven years, with a boy's healthy appetite. The baker's bill amounts to 5s. 2d. a week.

When the baker, the coalman and insurance have been paid, little is left over for meat, groceries and clothing.

When it is essential that one of the three children of school age should be provided with new shoes, the rent must be sacrificed.

The long column in the rent book marked "Rent owing" is a deep scar in the minds of Lily May's parents, which can only be smoothed out by our readers coming to the rescue of Lily May's and numerous other families of the unemployed in like straits by sending all they can spare to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged by letter where names and addresses are given.

Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

# Bogus Sleuth's Trick

FREDERICK ANDERSON, a mean and despicable impostor, masquerades as "Detective-Inspector West," of Scotland Yard, and, so far, has found his police title quite lucrative as a means of making a livelihood.

This artful rogue, when using his own name, met a provincial business man recently while on a train journey from Huddersfield to London, and, in the course of conversation, learned of many intimate details about him.

After arrival at the London terminus, Anderson returned by train to Huddersfield to carry out the wicked plan he had schemed. He had ascertained the address where his fellow-traveller resided in Huddersfield, and, without ado, called upon the latter's wife.

Introducing himself as Detective-Inspector West, of Scotland Yard, he cruelly inflicted upon the poor woman a blow that distressed and dumbfounded her beyond measure.

The bogus detective stated that her husband had been arrested in London, and that he (West) had charge of the case. The husband had been charged at Marylebone Police Court and was remanded in custody.

Distressed, bewildered, her mind in a state of chaos, the poor woman was the very picture of unhappiness. "West," however, took pity on her! He pointed out that he could help her husband. With his influence bail could be obtained. If she had £50 he could arrange that her husband be got out of custody. Could she raise that sum?

The woman seized upon this offer as a drowning man clutches at a straw. Yes, she had some money, but only £35. Would that be of any use?

"Detective-Inspector West" thought it would, and went off with it, ostensibly to London.

• • •

The unhappy woman, frantic for news, waited until at last she had a letter from her husband, and communicated with him, when the true position of affairs was revealed.

Anderson is a callous and impudent rogue, with victims, obtained in one way or another, in all parts In addition to passing as a detective, he has latterly posed as a naval officer, a cricketer and a doctor. In the medical guise he has adopted the names of "Doctor Wood" and "Doctor Ferndale."

The police are anxious to apprehend this man, who is a persistent menace to the public at large. It is to be hoped that, when caught, the list of charges against him will result in his being behind prison bars for a long time.

# DOPE SLAVES of SOCIETY (2)

# THE BLACK-LIS

*"One puncture of the needle transforms a nervous wreck into a vivacious, brilliant being. Then——"*

BABETTE GAMBLE, the Society dope addict, whose life story, which ended so tragically, we exclusively unfolded last week, was only one of the numerous people who suffer untold agonies and ruin their lives through the bewildering fascination of drugs.

Like Babette Gamble, there are scores of men and women to-day who, with aristocratic connections, independent means, and endless leisure, become slaves of the needle.

Those who, from time to time, come before the courts on drug charges represent only a small proportion of the people known to the authorities as being actively concerned in this appalling trade, either as drug-slaves, promoters of drug-smuggling coups, or as patrons of hectic gatherings and parties frequented by addicts.

In official records compiled from secret investigations made recently by specially picked detectives under Home Office instructions some amazing facts are disclosed.

## Wealthy addicts

The most important discovery of all concerns the identity and position in life of some of the men and women who, in one way or another, have succumbed to the terrible appeal of drugs.

A secret black-list reveals that amongst their number are titled people; young, moneyed, indolent sons and daughters of wealthy parents; men from the universities; actors and actresses; chemists and dentists.

Even registered medical men are persistent offenders.

Scotland Yard knows them by name. So does the Home Office.

And so do we.

Enquiries we have made enable us to say, in fact, that some of the people who are addicted to the use of drugs move in the most exclusive circles of Society.

A titled man noted for the strange company he keeps, the daughter of a well-known peer, a countess, and a famous variety theatre star are among these drug addicts who create an ever-increasing demand for drugs.

All of them are Slaves of Dope.

Then there are the beautiful daughter of a famous sportsman, a noted film producer, and a relative of a one-time Cabinet Minister.

But it is seldom that the police can do anything. In fact, in the early stages of the habit it is impossible even for medical experts to diagnose that people are addicts without keeping them under daily observation.

## Wasted lives

It is only when they commit some offence, or become so demoralised that they can no longer stand the strain, that the police get a chance to intervene.

Take the case of Anthea Carew, the girl who was before a London magistrate recently.

She is numbered among the Society drug addicts who have gone too far—a self-confessed victim who has tried hard but unavailingly to break herself of the shocking evil.

Hectic parties are more often than not the first medium of introduction to the dope vice, and Anthea Carew's acceptance of an invitation to one of them first set her upon a drug-taking career.

Later the craze swept her into the "smart set" of sensation-seeking, unenviable people like Brenda Dean Paul, Babette Gamble, and the countless other male and female associates always at hand.

A graphic example of the appalling effect of the drug habit can be given in the tragic case of another young woman named Dorothy Vernon-Young.

This woman, too, learned the deadly habit through attending dances and other functions frequented by wealthy drug-takers, and, in much the same circumstances as Babette Gamble, tried to take her own life not long ago when the vice had completely got her into its tentacles, and the maddening desire for more drugs could not be appeased.

Dorothy Vernon-Young was saved in the nick of time by detectives acting under Divisional Detective-Inspector Allum of Scotland Yard, who were summoned to the scene in time to rush the wretched woman to hospital.

The shot she had fired at herself in the frantic endeavour to end her suffering and forget for ever the painful craving for drugs that was always with her had not proved fatal. The life she was wasting so deplorably was saved.

This young woman, who had once led an honourable and decent life, was just another of the leisured "butterflies" who had drifted into the degenerate dope set until she finally found herself in the dissolute company of some of the most dangerous dope addicts who ever used a hypodermic needle.

Numerous suicides during the past few months have been due entirely to this growing evil, and it is not surprising that the scandal is now being regarded in a very serious light by both the Home Office and Scotland Yard.

Every day some new development comes to light. Only the other day a detective from Scotland Yard visited a London house, and there questioned a twenty-year-old girl about the acquisition of certain drugs they discovered there.

The girl lied about them at first, but finally pleaded that they had belonged to her mother.

Her mother, a drug-taker, had committed suicide. She had been the mistress of a wealthy West End addict.

Facts like these may well mystify normal men and women. They, happily for them, know nothing of the insatiable lure of drugs or of their artificial and deadly effects upon those who take them.

It is a sordid story.

One puncture of the needle of a loaded hypodermic syringe transforms a nervous wreck into a vivacious, brilliant being, instilled with feelings of unspeakable ecstasy.

Then, when the poison has done its work, lethargy and pain predominate, and a dreadful depression sets in, renewing the craving for more and more drugs. In the end an untimely and terrible death. That is the certain doom of the confirmed addict.

## Who profits?

The question naturally arises—and it is one which touches the very core of the whole problem—where do the drugs come from that are responsible for this evil in our midst?

Who provides them?

How are they smuggled into this country?

Where are the sources of distribution here?

Who are the people deriving the financial harvest from the sordid trade?

Certain sections of the daily Press have recently devoted much space to "startling" drug-smuggling coups.

Sensational but vague accounts have been published of the activi-

*Suspicion has been centred upon the air ports through whose Customs wealthy women are known to have smuggled drugs*

# ST

ties of foreign smugglers.

Fleets of secretly-owned aeroplanes are supposed to land hauls of "dope" in remote parts of the country.

Even yachts and electric launches are said to have brought drugs to our shores during the silent watches of the night.

Such stories are grotesquely extravagant. It is true that the police have heard that a smuggling attempt by aeroplane was made some weeks ago; but so far, smuggling by aircraft has achieved little.

Much of the "dope" reaching Society drug addicts is brought in by a method that is much simpler and much safer.

With hundreds of people travelling to and from the Continent every day it is an impossible task to detect every individual drug trafficker, and all that the police, in conjunction with the port officials and Customs officers, can do in the circumstances is to check the nefarious trade *in bulk*.

*"The mannequin's part is to pass over the packet of deadly powder as unobtrusively as possible"*

## Women peddlers

Every woman who flies abroad by air, or travels by the usual coastal routes, cannot possibly be minutely searched by the Customs officials, who would not subject her to such an indignity unless she was under suspicion as a dope smuggler.

The authorities, however, have good grounds for suspecting that lately several women, who are now under close observation, have made trips to the Continent and brought back with them consignments of drugs concealed in their underclothing. Heroin and cocaine are mostly in demand, and a big supply of either can be concealed in a very small space.

But there is a much safer and simpler way of acquiring dope, and one that is nearer home.

A number of medical practitioners are known to the police to have recently given prescriptions out of all proportion to the amount of drug required by addict patients, some of whom, by posing under a variety of names, also get supplies simultaneously from other doctors.

The pretence put up by these disreputable doctors is that the "patients" had best be given a supply sooner than they should sink to suicidal tendencies, or become cases for asylums!

The drugs thus obtained are shared among drug addict "friends."

Enquiries are being made at the present moment about a doctor who, from evidence in the possession of the medical authorities, is known to have prescribed enormous doses of drugs for unauthorised persons.

Coroners and magistrates have on several occasions expressed the view during the hearing of drug prosecutions that some doctors fail to exercise sufficient caution when issuing prescriptions.

In one enquiry alone, arising out of serious drug offences reported to the police, no fewer than eight doctors and chemists were found to have been supplying one person with drugs, and all at the same time!

Certain chemists and dentists, too, though they are in the minority, supply mixtures of cocaine and novocaine to addicts at highly remunerative fees.

It has also been discovered that drugs have recently been passed to addicts in smart gown stores by interested saleswomen. These women are mostly of the very attractive type. Fond of pleasure themselves, they act as cautious agents for the real traffickers, who pay them handsomely for "passing on the goods" to their regular clients, who are all in the first place sworn to secrecy.

In the parade of mannequins it is known that there are often young women who, acting on behalf of superiors, are used as intermediaries in the traffic.

The "client" is previously pointed out to the mannequin, and her part is to pass over the little packet of deadly powder as unobtrusively as possible.

## New dope "ring"

In the heart of the West End there are two catering establishments where dope is passed.

One is run under the direction of an individual who has figured more than once in past police enquiries.

Certain "clubs" in the West End also provide an excellent medium for the comparatively safe passing of drugs from suppliers to addicts.

There is no doubt that a new dope "ring" is being organised.

One of the ringleaders is known to the police. He is a man who was deported from England a year or two ago and is at present in Germany.

He works through ships' stewards and other seafaring men, through so-called English "tourists" who go to and from the Continent, and through agents abroad who supply "dope" to women visitors from England whose respectability has so far not been questioned, but who go to the Continent specially to obtain drugs.

He is also in touch with several suspects in this country, one of whom is the notorious owner of property in London's West End, and who lets flats at extortionate rentals to women of a certain type.

Though this infamous property owner is known to be actively engaged in supplying "dope" to wealthy addicts through the medium of a dozen underlings, the police have not yet found it possible to bring him to book.

The activities of men like him leave no room for doubt that attempts are being made to organise the smuggling of drugs into England on a vast scale.

The preparations are yet only in their early stages. Drastic action must be taken to stop the proposed campaign before it grows too formidable to check.

Important letters and documents were seized by the Continental police recently during investigations into the extensive ramifications of a notorious set of international drug-smugglers with agencies in various parts of Germany, Belgium and France.

The contents of some of these letters are of such a character that they clearly incriminate certain individuals on this side of the Channel.

When a number of people were arrested recently, as the result of a specially concerted police "drive" in different parts of the Continent, several were found to have been closely in touch with intimate connections in England.

For a long time, until quite recently, there was marked inactivity on the part of known dope-traffickers who used to smuggle their deadly hauls into the Limehouse quarter of London, and the docks of Liverpool and Cardiff.

Now there is renewed activity in these districts—a portentous signal.

During the last few months several police raids have been carried out at premises in different parts of London where dope-traffickers were believed to be operating.

## Police watch

The fact that, during the same period, something like ten different arrests have been made shows that the situation must necessarily be watched very closely by the police and the officials of the Customs and Excise Service.

Next week, in our concluding article, we will deal with other aspects of this new "dope" menace and indicate the lines upon which, in our opinion, a thorough police investigation should be made, not only in London, but in the Provinces, where "dope" centres are also known to exist.

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"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES (2)

# SAVED—by Cannibals!

*Continuing ~*

**THE SHOW BEHIND THE SHOW**

*In which our reader, Mr. Alfred Hill recounts the episode of the Six Princes of Knobe*

*"The savages were after them—six infuriated cannibals! They didn't stop to ask questions . . ."*

IF you have been a regular visitor to the exhibitions and fairgrounds of London, you will probably remember the "Six Princes of Knobe."

You will recall them as the proudest and stateliest-looking Eastern potentates you ever had the good fortune to see—in fact, you may treasure signed postcards of them as mementoes of their visit.

They come to London still—but in majesty no longer. And no one would want to ask them for their photographs to-day.

For they sail the high seas as ordinary coloured seamen, doing a job in the stokehold here and giving a hand with a mainsail there.

And I am willing to bet that they would rather do that work, hard as it is, than be princes of Knobe—if there is such a place—or any other country.

They became the "Six Princes of Knobe" only because a number of enterprising showmen decided that London wanted a new thrill, and because, being unable to find a job on a ship at the time, they decided that work as Eastern potentates was at least better than no work at all.

It all happened when an exhibition was being planned for the Whitechapel district—a show with which I was connected.

Somebody said it would be a good idea to display six foreign princes who were all brothers, the idea being that if the public was interested in a fine family of upstanding lads they would be all the more interested if they were royalty.

The title "Six Princes of Knobe" was suggested long before anybody knew who Their August Highnesses were going to be.

Very careful search was made among the out-of-work coloured seamen of the London docks before our six majestic-looking fellows were chosen, and then there was a meeting to decide what they could be persuaded to do.

One man was despatched to buy up any princely trappings that might be going cheap. It didn't matter of what they consisted as long as the price was right. Our seamen thus became a sort of blend of cannibal, bushman, dervisher, and Red Indian, but what did that matter?

They looked very, very fine with their shields and assegais, with little frills round their loins and plenty of cheap jewellery about the ears and nose. If it sounds at all stupid to-day, I can only say that nobody wrote to the management about it at the time.

* * *

Then they were taught how to thump tom-toms—a line in tom-toms having been found going rather cheap.

They were also instructed in a few mysterious incantations which seemed to be the sort of thing one would expect from anybody hailing from Knobe—wherever that is.

Finally, they were put through some supposedly cannibalistic dances.

If that were all, they would probably never figure in this story of my life.

But it happens that they fought the Battle of the Six Princes of Knobe, which is still talked of by showmen as one of the strangest things that ever happened in a British exhibition. And so—the battle having started because of me—they come into my tale.

It is necessary to go back to a few months before that exhibition began.

Quarrelling with a fellow-showman one day, I picked up a tray of his cheap jewellery and flung it into the middle of a London street.

The result was that I was met a few days later, not only by the aggrieved showman, but, in addition, by a bevy of second-rate boxers who had agreed to "splash me all over the street" as a punishment for what I had done with the jewellery.

It happened that I was being followed by my father, with whom was a friend who had had quite considerable success in the ring. And as the signs of that friend's trade were carried for all to see, in the shape of a twisted nose and cauliflower ears, the "splashing" was off.

I can now move forward to the day when the "six princes" were thrilling large crowds with their majesty—and their skill with the assegai and the tom-tom.

It was a moment when the curtain had just fallen on the princes, and I was attending to my own part of the business in a quiet part of the hall.

I heard a voice I seemed to know quite well, and, looking up, I saw the showman with whose jewellery I had taken liberties, and with him his bevy of boxers, come to administer that long-deferred good hiding.

I remember feeling a little sore at the thought that I had got no one but my father, and he none too young a man, there to help me.

And I was just reconciling myself to whatever was coming to me when my father saw me from the stage curtain, and acted at once.

A quick word to the six bogus princes and he rang up the curtain.

I shall never forget what followed.

The boxers who had come to thrash me took one look at the stage and saw six infuriated "cannibals" charging down in real, blood-curdling fashion on—well, for a second they weren't quite sure who.

The "princes'" eyes were spitting fire. Their strong black arms were making menacing lunges with spears and assegais as they raced forward behind their shields.

* * *

And, to heighten the effect, they were emitting yells that promised instant death for whoever had offended them.

But who were they out to kill?

The visiting boxers looked round for a second to find an answer to this question and woke to the truth with an awful start.

The savages were after them!

I shall always remember the look that swept over the boxers' faces in that split second before they took to their heels. It was terrible.

They didn't stop to ask questions, nor

(Continued on page 24)

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WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM E.M.2

Continued from page 22: THE SHOW BEHIND THE SHOW

# The Woman who Routed a Regiment

to see what good their boxing prowess would be against a troupe of cannibals. They headed for the door at such a speed that they must have broken a few records.

Down the street they went as if the hot breath of our imitation princes had been blistering their necks, doubtless expecting every minute to feel a stab between the shoulder-blades!

Not until their lungs were bursting and they looked round to find their pursuers were no longer there did their pace slacken

And that was the last attempt my enemy ever made to wipe out the insult he alleged against me.

I met one of his boxers afterwards and he asked me what I was going to have. And not once during the hour we had together did he ever breathe a word about the vengeance he had formerly come to wreak on me.

Still, it had been a narrow shave, and there might have been a very different tale to tell if my friends the princes had not intervened. For a showman's life is not lived without a bit of fighting.

In fact, I became a one-man army all on my own once, in what I shall call the "Battle of Hackney." I had to stand up by myself to a dangerous gang that invaded our exhibition hall.

* * *

The show was in Mare Street, Hackney, at a time very late in the war, when there were not a few gangs of Army-dodgers moving about London.

We had a whole range of shows, a number of automatic machines to turn even the entrance-hall into money-making space, and one shooting gallery.

One day, when business was very quiet, a noisy-looking group of young men, who were obviously of military age, came in and began to insult the few girl attendants who were near the door. And then they suddenly began to smash the automatic machines.

The only man in sight at that moment was myself, and I had been discharged from the Army with war injuries. So I thought discretion was the best course and told them it would oblige us if they left.

They became worse instead, so I told them it was a pity they couldn't go and use their high spirits overseas, where there were men who would welcome their help.

That settled it. They made a rush at me, which told me quite plainly that they were out to knock me unconscious and then decamp, especially as I saw a glint of metal in one man's hand.

I was too weak to stand against such numbers. It was obvious that if I was going to do anything I had to do it quickly.

So I seized a Winchester rifle from the shooting-range and faced them.

It was obvious they thought I was bluffing, for they came on—if a little more slowly than before. But I was far from fooling

I had already made up my mind that a man who had used a rifle against a decent German who was at least fighting for his country should not be afraid to fire a warning shot against such rats as these.

"Crack!" The little Winchester spat not more than a foot over their heads. Then "Crack!" again, and "Crack" after that.

Without a word more the whole brave crowd rushed out of the shop shrieking for the police. And as soon as they gained the safety of the nearest corner, they began stoning our premises.

Well, the police arrived, took in at a glance that I had broken the law by firing a rifle, and just smiled.

And a very furious householder from a building opposite arrived, too. One of my three bullets had passed through his window and neatly taken away his incandescent gas-mantle. Whereupon the whole family thought that an air-raid was in progress and took refuge in the cellar.

"It may have been an air raid up north," one of the policemen told him, with a wink at me. "Or it may have been a bullet all the way from France. What with these long-range guns, you never know when you are safe nowadays."

The man grimaced. "Lumme, war seems to be coming to something nowadays," he grumbled, going back home to replace his gas-mantle.

* * *

There was one other incident even more dangerous than either of these. It might have turned to a very ugly business if it hadn't been for the courage and resource of Mrs. Cain, one of the finest women in the show business.

I had gone to manage what was known as Cain's Pastimes in London Road, S.E., when a crowd of soldiers rushed in and began fighting.

I took in the situation at a glance. Regimental jealousy on the part of men who had had a few drinks had put them in the mood to fight to the death. And some of them were seizing guns to carry out a little war between themselves.

Instantly I picked up a Winchester—and loaded

The proprietor's wife came towards me calmly. Just as quietly she took the thing from my hand. Very patiently she unloaded it.

The men, quite themselves now, watched her as if fascinated. And then, as she told them in conversational tones that her husband was a soldier who was engaged at that moment fighting in the only place in the world where fighting was necessary, they allowed themselves to be disarmed by this woman as quietly as if she were the whole Prussian Guard.

* * *

More. Within less than sixty seconds she had persuaded them to have a drink together—a drink which most certainly they didn't need, but which was necessary if she was going to succeed in her aim of sending them back to barracks as good friends

Yes, I often came near to fighting, even if I often managed to dodge it. That was just what Sammy Lake, once welter-weight boxing champion of Australia, told me one day.

"Look here, Alfred," he told me in the street, "why don't you have a decent fight for once—*with me*. I know we're good pals, but old So-and-so, who is running the boxing-booth, can do with a lift up."

And so he poured into my ear his plan for staging a quarrel outside the booth, at which we should be invited to enter and settle our disputes in the ring

Within two minutes I found myself in the ring—faced by a man who could have killed me with a blow. And, what is more, it wasn't going to be so easy as we thought it would to carry out the scheme we had of avoiding a fight.

The plan was that the referee should announce that on his left was the ex-welter-weight champion of Australia (at which Lake was to produce his championship belt), and on his right a Gentleman Unknown, who had picked a quarrel with him, at which I was to look surprised and say that I had no intention of fighting champions and walk out of the ring.

* * *

But we had reckoned without the crowd. So keen was it on seeing the "champ." in action that it would have been unsafe for me to try to back out.

To my horror I heard Sammy say: "It's no use, Alf. It's got to be a fight." And within a few seconds I had received a preliminary tap on the nose.

But I'll take my hat off to Lake. Only a first-rate boxer could have tapped me and tapped again with blows that were as soft as the touch of a cat and yet appeared to the crowd to be knocking the life out of me.

"Look more as if you're being battered," he whispered to me in the second round.

Again my training as an actor stood me in good stead. The crowd got all the thrills it expected, and when the sponge was flung in on my behalf it was satisfied I was a good 'un who had stood up to it like a man.

*(To be concluded.)*

---

*In next week's "John Bull," Mr. Alfred Hill, concluding his series of articles, tells of a wild baboon which ran amok and eventually had to be shot by the police*

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*By Julia Foster**

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# MARRIAGE without a HOME

*Will it be a success or a failure? That little home in the background often decides the issue*

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by Philip Inman*

**MARRIAGE is looked upon by many a girl as the gateway to a very laudable ambition. She desires quite naturally to have a home of her own. But in these days that joy is often denied her.**

**In many districts the housing shortage is still acute. And where a house is obtainable it nearly always has to be purchased, for it is seldom that the "To Let" board is seen outside a small residence. Yet how many people are there who can afford to buy property in these days of industrial depression with its consequent unemployment?**

**All this means that vast numbers of people have either to share a house with another family or to live with their relations. And many a girl who desires to be married must face a prospect of this sort or wait until conditions improve.**

**One of my readers is confronted with this problem. Here is her letter:**

**"For nearly a year I have been engaged, and my fiancé keeps pressing me to fix the date of our marriage. But this is the position: We have had a good time, and have not troubled to save our money. The result is that we are not able to furnish even two or three rooms.**

**"My boy proposes that we should go and live with his parents. But whilst I get on very well with his mother, it might be different if I had to live with her**

**"I want to wait a year or two, as we are still young—he is twenty-three and I am just twenty-one—and by that time we should probably be able to have a little place of our own. I have also suggested that we cut down our pleasures so that we can save up for our future home.**

**"My boy says there is no need to do this, and tells me that I should be perfectly happy living with his people. Almost every day we argue the thing out without ever reaching agreement, so we have decided to ask for your advice."**

* * *

Think of it. The man wants to drag her into matrimony without making any preparation whatever. He has been content to squander his money on having a "good time," and then has the cheek to suggest that his future wife will be happy living with his people.

If that is his outlook on life there seems more sense in his girl's little finger than in his whole make-up.

I say without hesitation that her standpoint is the right one. If a fellow is in love with his girl he will wait for her and work for her.

There is one thing to be said for him. He is still young and has time to learn more sense. I hope he will, for the sake of his future wife.

Now contrast his attitude with that of my second correspondent. He tells me that he is twenty-seven, and that he is the youngest of a family of five.

His mother has been a widow for twenty-two years, and he lives at home and looks after her. The entire responsibility has fallen upon him, because his married sisters are unable to contribute anything and his elder brother, though in a good position, refuses to do so.

Five years ago my correspondent met a girl, to whom three years later he became engaged. He is in regular work and earns £3 a week, and he adds:

"I can either keep my mother in moderate comfort and break off my engagement, or leave mother in the lurch and get married. It seems impossible to do both."

Let us consider the facts. My correspondent is of marriageable age; he has been engaged for some years, and he is earning a wage that is sufficient to keep a wife (there are many homes which have to manage on much less). There seems no valid reason why he should not get married, except the important one of looking after his mother.

But what is to be done? My correspondent does not tell me the age of his mother. But as he is twenty-seven, and the youngest of the family, she must be nearing that age when she is eligible for the old-age pension. If that sum can be supplemented, even by a few shillings a week, it ought to enable her to live at any rate decently.

Surely his sisters are not so hard up that they cannot afford to join with him in a scheme of this sort. If his elder brother refuses to help, I should leave him to his conscience.

* * *

And now for my third problem. A woman reader writes to tell me that she, her husband and their two little girls, occupy the top half of a small house in a busy street. Her letter says:

"It has always been my ambition to have a garden for the children to play in, for it seems a shame that they should have to be kept indoors so much, owing to the constant traffic outside. There is another point. I should dearly love a little place of my own, as I have had to share one with someone else ever since we were married nine years ago.

"The other day I went to see a small house which is for sale, and it would suit us splendidly, but this is our position:

"My husband, though in regular work, earns only a small wage, and though we have been very careful, it has taken us all our married life to save about £80. I find that we could buy this house by putting down £50 and paying off the rest of the money at so much a week.

"But my husband, who is not over strong, thinks that if anything happened to him I should be left with a mortgaged house on my hands, and if I were unable to keep up the weekly payments we should be turned out. Then with our hard-earned savings gone I should have nothing to fall back upon."

And here is my advice in this case. I strongly urge that man to agree to his wife's proposal. His fears so far as the mortgaged house is concerned can be overcome.

It is possible nowadays to combine the purchase of a house with an insurance policy. By that means if anything happened to him the house would become the entire property of his wife. Instead, therefore, of leaving his family with the small sum they are able to save, they would have a house of their own.

There is also his wife to consider. After many years of inconvenience she is surely entitled to a home of her own. And then there are his children. It will be happier and healthier for them to have a garden in which they can play.

**IF you are in trouble "Humanist" is anxious to help you. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letter. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.**

---

The qualities which have won for Mr. Inman thousands of friends from JOHN BULL readers were never better shown than in his latest book, "The Golden Cup" (Bles, 2s. 6d.).

This collection of human stories, gathered by the author during his work as House Governor of Charing Cross Hospital, deserves to be read and re-read. It will also help the work in which Mr. Inman is so keenly interested, for the profits are to go to the hospital.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

## Winners for Windsor

MY long-shots for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire went to press several days before the St. Leger was won by Firdaussi. The Aga Khan's colt was one of my trio for the Houghton race, but the 10 lb. penalty incurred should rule him out, and I am substituting Scattercash. Taj Kasra comes into the Cesarewitch in place of Udaipur, a non-acceptor.

The acceptors for the Newbury Cup, the next important handicap, disclose that Capt. Boyd-Rochfort holds a strong hand with Pahokee, Sandals and Praetor.

Silvermere and Taj Kasra, third and fifth respectively in the St. Leger, are also left in, and I am inclined to the opinion that the all-conquering Frank Butters may win the prize for his Eastern patron.

At Windsor this week-end Lichen, Lakin and Young Master may oblige.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 15, to Wednesday, September 21.

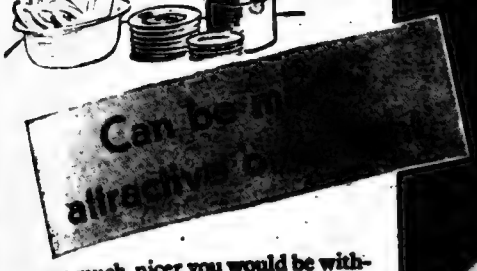
O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

# Dreadful "KITCHEN HANDS"



HOW much nicer you would be without those awful "kitchen hands." They're so rough and red and domestic-looking. "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly rubbed in at night would save you all this; and costs so little!

*What a famous doctor advises*

"With 'Vaseline' Jelly . . . the skin again becomes soft and pliable," says famous Dr. Kromayer, of Berlin, in his book "The Cosmetic Treatment of Skin Complaints." That's why "Vaseline" Jelly is used by many famous London Beauty Salons in their expensive hand creams. Rub a little well in last thing every night. Hands soon get wonderfully soft and white again! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● *To soothe a cold in the nose insert a little "Vaseline" Jelly inside the nostrils*

● *Bedtime is the time for hands . . . A little "Vaseline" Jelly soothes roughness and redness away while you sleep*

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

# ONLY 7½d

## and look at the good it's doing!

● *The most nourishing Food you can drink.*

PURE BRITISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT
•
SELECTED BRITISH FARMHOUSE EGGS
•
PURE BRITISH MILK
•
FRY'S FAMOUS COCOA

**7½d** PER ¼ lb. DOUBLE SIZE 1/2 1 lb. SIZE 2/2

*These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*

¶ *Read these extracts from letters we have received:*

"....the best night's sleep I have had for a whole year. I can truthfully tell you that I have had a good night's rest ever since the first glass. Everyone marvels at the difference in me. It cannot be recommended too widely and the price is within everyone's reach."

Mrs. A. C., Edgbaston.

"I have been troubled with sleeplessness, which is dreadful, now I sleep like a top. We have to count our pennies but a 7½d. tin lasts my husband and myself a week and I often have it at lunch. It's really a most wonderful and cheap beverage."

D. B., Jersey.

# FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

★ LARGE *free* SAMPLE TIN

For a free sample please PIN a 1½d. stamp (which is less than half the cost of packing and postage) to this coupon. Write your name and address in CAPITAL LETTERS and post the coupon to J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., M. M. C. DEPT. 8, UNION STREET, BRISTOL. Only one sample to each family. PIN your stamp to coupon. Please do NOT stick it. J.B. 17/9/32

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*Town*..... *County*.....

*Please seal your envelope and use a 1½d. stamp.* This offer is available for residents in Great Britain and Northern Ireland *only*.

MM 210.6932

MADE IN ENGLAND

# "Heavens! Bob must have a girl!"

No—You grown-ups are wrong again. I'm cleaning my teeth because Colgate's tastes good. If you don't believe me, try some yourself—it's great stuff, and if a chap has got to clean his teeth, then he should be able to choose his own toothpaste.

Mother told Dad the other day I never used a toothbrush properly, unless she stood over me all the time. Dad said, "Try my Colgate's. The dentist told me it is the finest cleanser he knows—that more people use it than any other kind." So Mother bought me a tube for myself, and now cleaning teeth is good fun.... so long as it's with Colgate's.

Two Sizes 1/- & 6d.

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why your child's Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE

IS THAT COLD OF YOURS CATARRH?

If you keep on getting colds or coughs you want to be very sure that your trouble isn't really an early stage of catarrh. Catarrh is a definite disease that is very hard to eradicate once it gets a firm foothold.

There is one sure way to end a cold or cure catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system. Even chronic victims of asthma find Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes relieve the paroxysms in making breathing easier.

Try them to-day, but be sure you get Dr. Blosser's, for their formula is the only really proven one. From any chemist, or if you prefer send a card for free sample packet of 4 to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., (Dept. 121, C.C.) Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

ENGINEERS . . . SIT DOWN AND THINK THIS OVER

Can you allow any opportunity for a first-class job to pass by unheeded? "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" points the sure way to many such opportunities. You cannot afford to miss this book. It gives details of all recognised Examinations (A.M.Inst. C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Modern Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio, Aero and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the unique advantages of our Employment Dept. The book is FREE. Send a postcard for your copy NOW.

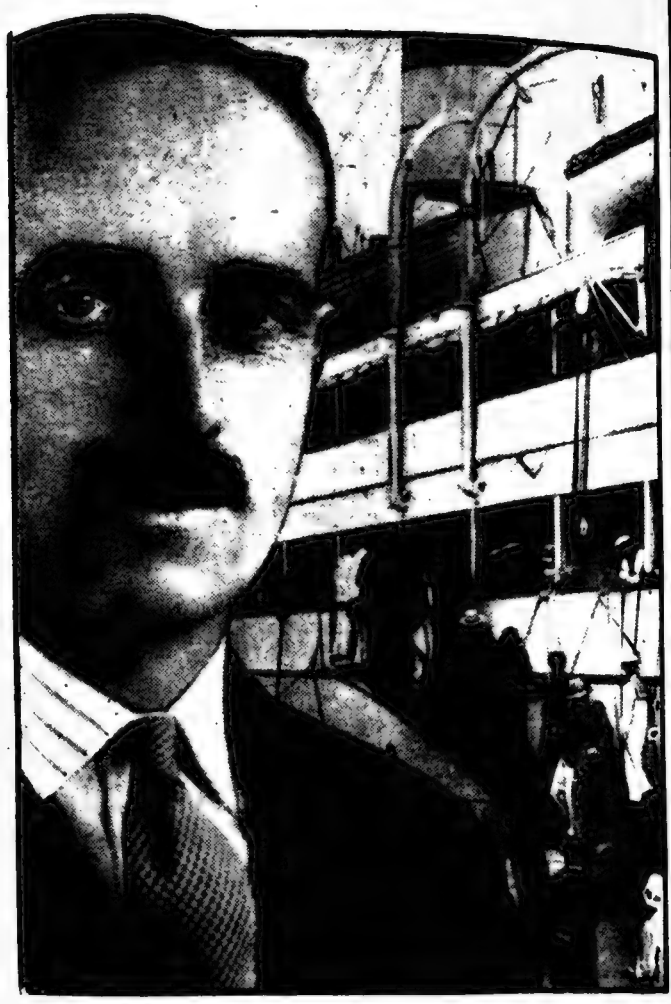
BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY,
56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FREE MONSTER TRIAL PACKET REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Get rid of all foot troubles! Accept the wonderful offer on page 33. Simply fill in the coupon and enclose 6d. in stamps.

# A TRAVELLER'S *Greatest Hour*

## THE THRILL OF 'England Again!'



*by* ARTHUR MILLS

THE hour of my life that I like best of all is the one that gives me my first glimpse of England on returning from my travels.

Not that I suffer from homesickness. I love travelling. It is a tremendous thrill to set off for some strange place thousands of miles from Piccadilly Circus without any idea how one will come back, or even *if* one will come back.

They say that if you go on at a thing long enough you are sure to die in your boots.

Albert Londres, the great French travel writer and adventurer, has just died in his; he was burnt to death on a boat a few months ago coming back from one of his voyages—a grim end for a man who had been to Devil's Island, the gangsters' lairs of Buenos Ayres, the uttermost posts of the Foreign Legion, and into the most primitive corners of savage Africa.

But always Albert Londres loved to return to Paris, and so I, too, am very happy to get back to my little home in Ebury Street in London.

I delight in that first plate of British beef and bottle of good British beer that one can get on board the Channel steamer.

I have come back from Africa shivering with fever straight into the middle of a raw English January and revelled in the sight of the grey fog dingily shrouding London.

I like the manners of my fellow-countrymen after the jabbering, excited folk one meets in foreign lands.

### Champion optimists

We British are so quietly sure of ourselves and that everything is going along as well as can be expected; we are the most optimistic people on this earth, and optimism is a grand tonic when all the flesh has gone from one's bones and one's main nourishment is forty grains of quinine a day.

Above all, there rings in one's head the thought that one is "home" again.

The road that one has travelled lies behind, the pitiless sun, drenching tropical rains, mosquito-laden air. There is an ocean between me and those haunting, half-human faces of the famished, tortured convicts on Devil's Island.

I shall never see Wang again, the Chinese opium runner with whom I shared a cabin on a dirty little coastal steamer for a week; that gaunt old prospector up in Minas Geraes, who was so tormented by bush sores that he slept in long boots to stop himself from scratching; that frail, pretty English girl on the cow range in Corrientes who had renounced London society to be with her man.

I unlock my door, dump my battered old suit-case on the floor, pour myself out a whisky-and-soda, fill my pipe, and sit in front of the fire thinking of these people on the night that I get back.

Lucky—of course I am lucky! I am home again. They are still out there.

I came back from China twenty years ago. It was the first of my long voyages. A British cruiser brought me back, allowing me to pay 2s. a day into the ward room funds as a soldier "passenger" for my food, and that was all the journey cost.

God bless the Navy. I hadn't a penny to pay for my passage home, and if that cruiser hadn't come to my rescue I'd probably be out in China still.

I earned my grub stakes by playing poker with the officers who were off duty; I had marvellous cards and won £6.

When I got home, penniless and out of a job, I was given a fortnight to find a roof for myself. Within six days I had moved my soldier's camp kit into an attic I hired for 5s. a week.

Soon after that I got a job at £3 a month on a weekly paper. Wasn't I proud? I'm not sure that wasn't the happiest hour of my life. All my relations had predicted I would starve.

A cousin came to live with me; he hadn't any money either except the tiny salary he earned. I used to cook the breakfast over a gas-ring; he was always complaining about the eggs, saying they weren't fresh.

One morning I leaned out of the window as he was leaving the place and threw one at him. It smashed all over his suit, which he was always pressing and brushing. He was very fussy about his clothes; he is still.

### First homecoming

When the war broke out he enlisted as a trooper; eventually he got a commission and won the military cross; now he is the Chief Whip to the National Government. I went and lunched with him at the House of Commons not long ago. They did everything except lay a red carpet down for us; but all the time I couldn't help thinking of that egg.

This little digression is not entirely irrelevant, because it has to do with the first of my homecomings, and they are, as I say, the hours that I would like best to live again.

I got a "blighty" in the war and they stuffed me up with so much morphia that I was half-dazed when the ship came into Plymouth.

But I remember that morning, too, for I never left England feeling less certain of coming back than I did in September, 1914, and I was mighty glad to smell a fried-fish shop—which is our own most peculiar British smell—once more, as the ambulance drove through the streets.

America! Never will I forget the day I came back from that very charming but rather disconcerting country.

For a month I had been doing everything at about ten times the speed I was accustomed to.

We had caught trains at the last second—occasionally we missed them.

We had covered fifty measured miles in a motor-car in sixty minutes, which meant driving practically the whole way at seventy miles an hour; this feat was accomplished in order to play a game of golf!

### "Plenty of time"

I had been to countless parties and was nearly deaf from the babel of voices, for everyone out there talks at once.

I had been alternately soaked in rye whisky and parched with thirst; spoken to by a policeman for loitering in Broadway; and all but killed on the underground railway, before I mastered the technique of boarding those fast-moving trains.

And then one day it was all over and I arrived at Southampton. Force of habit made me clutch my suit-case, rush down the gangway, and throw myself at a train I saw standing in the station. I collided with a porter.

"Where are you for, sir?"

"London."

He took my suit-case like a mother removing a toy from an over-tired child. "Plenty of time, sir; plenty of time."

The quiet, unflurried voice did more than anything else to remind me that I was back in England. And that is just the sort of thing that makes one thankful to be home once more.

But I must not be hypocritical: I am, I know, a nomad. I cannot stay in any place for long.

And if I were given an alternative choice of the hour I'd like most to live over again I should choose unhesitatingly those moments when one stands on the deck of a boat, the whistle blows for the last time, and the good ship casts off her moorings and glides out to sea.

# British and Best

If you had an unlimited supply of fresh, sweet cream . . . what wonderful cream soup you could make! But not unless you also had the finest, tenderest vegetables in the world. That is where Heinz, with their unlimited resources, can accomplish so much more than you, despite your skill. For Heinz can command the world's most splendid and nourishing ingredients: rich, pure cream; delicious celery and tender asparagus from English gardens; fresh, plump tomatoes from Canadian vines.

And for their meat soups, too, Heinz are able to select choice cuts of fresh, nutritious meat. No wonder, then, you so often hear it said that Heinz soups are absolutely 'the real thing'!

# HEINZ *new* SOUPS

**Heinz also make:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Vegetable Soup | Mulligatawny |
| Scotch Broth | Tomato Soup |
| Beef Broth | Ox Tail Soup |
| Julienne | Chicken Soup |
| Asparagus Soup | |

## ready to serve

From 6d. upwards (except Tomato and Asparagus Soups). These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

# An Electric Headlamp for 2/6!

Here's one of the very best friends a cyclist can possess—an all-black Ever Ready Cycle Lamp—for 2/6 only. Put *this* lamp on your bike, and your night-riding troubles are over. In the loneliest country, along the darkest roads, the brilliant beam from the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp points the way and, in case of punctures, illuminates the wheel with a steady, sufficient light.

## ABOUT ½d. AN HOUR IN USE

With all its advantages—cleanliness, safety, brilliance—the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp costs you only about ½d. per hour. The Lamp and battery are guaranteed satisfactory—by the makers of the famous Ever Ready batteries for the past 30 years. Ask your cycle dealer or hardware stores to show you the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp.

EVER READY

BRITISH MADE CYCLE LAMPS & BATTERIES

THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7.

*"Phyllis isn't at all strong!"*

Phyllis R—— always receives sympathy from her friends. "Phyllis isn't at all strong," they say. "Works too hard," others remark. "Hasn't been really well since she left school," explains her mother. And certainly she looks Anæmic.

If she were to visit a doctor he would tell her at once that Poor Blood was the cause of her headaches, sleeplessness and depression. What she needs is that really good, blood-making tonic, Hall's Wine, to make the roses creep back in her cheeks again. Then her womanly system will right itself. She will no longer receive the sympathy but the envy of other girls—thanks to Hall's Wine.

*—the cause of her weakness—POOR BLOOD*

**ANAEMIA is due to the artificiality of our existence—our food and lack of fresh air and exercise. Hall's Wine, which contains natural iron and vitamins of the grape, together with valuable medicaments, is the finest of all tonic wines for enriching the blood. Free yourself from Anæmia. Know what it is to have healthy blood and feel and *look* really well. Strengthen your system and avoid those ills to which Anæmic people are most subject—especially Colds and Influenza. *Do try Hall's Wine.***

# HALL'S WINE
## ENRICHES THE BLOOD

*From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.* Large Bottle 5/6 Smaller size 3/3

★ *Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.*

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3. 304


**£950 Cash won in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 179.**

*In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following four competitors, who share the £750 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £187 10s. will be sent.*

L. A. Bartlett, 34, Grove Lane, Camberwell, S.E.5
Miss K. Callum, 22, Highton St., Walkley, Sheffield.
R. S. Hambrook, Montana, Swingfield, Nr. Dover.
J. Jones, 2, Alon Terrace, Afonwech, Nr. Ruabon.

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 27th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of* JOHN BULL.

*No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 46 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 3s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the* JOHN BULL *offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.*

**BONUS WINNERS IN CROSS-WORD NO. 177:** The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 19 entrants and payments of £5 5s. 4d. each are being despatched accordingly.

**Another splendid X-Word, with a huge 2-in-1 First Prize, appears on Page 26. Try Your Skill Now!**


# ANAEMIC
## LANGUID DEPRESSED

Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace, Ashworth Moor Top, Yorks., writes: "I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic Vitadatio. Several years ago I became very Anaemic. I was always languid, very miserable and depressed, and awful headaches continually troubled me. By taking Vitadatio for a few weeks my ailments disappeared and I am now always recommending it."

# Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V163

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

POPULAR designs —smooth, strong weave—smart, comfortable garments at a price you can afford! Think, then act! Ask your Outfitter to show you the variety of patterns available in "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Tricoline —THE EQUAL TO SILK

"A WOMOS FABRIC"

Tremola

SHIRTS COLLARS PYJAMAS

See Tab in every Garment. Non Genuine without.
Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

ACIDITY CAUSES STOMACH ULCERS

Stomach pains and inability to retain food often mean nothing more than indigestion resulting from gas and excess acidity. Gas distends the stomach, causing that full, oppressive feeling, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach and, if unchecked, may cause ulceration. The whole trouble arises from the fermentation, which is not only unnatural, but most dangerous if not attended to. To prevent or stop fermentation and neutralise the acids, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia should be taken in a quarter of a glass of water immediately after eating or whenever pain or fulness is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) can be obtained from all chemists at 1s. 3d., so it need cost you little to get rid of all acid-caused stomach troubles and to avoid them in future.

X FALSE TEETH held firmly with utmost COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE if sprinkled daily with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

IN PATENT SPRINKLER FOR CARRYING IN POCKET OR HANDBAG. A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, CLERGY & BUSINESS MEN.
Send coupon unsealed. ½d. stamp MADE IN ENGLAND

FREE Trial! Kolynos (Dept 16) Chenies St., London, W.C.1 F.

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*by*

## CAPTAIN Frank H. Shaw

THE steamer and the oil-burner have killed the romance and the suggestion of adventure of the sea; but between them they have done even more than that. They have killed the sailor, as a sailor.

All that now remains to replace those tough, indomitable men who would never acknowledge defeat so long as a single plank of their ship remained afloat is a breed of scientific savants, who, like a disused arm, are withering away into inutility.

Facts are facts. It took sails to make sailors.

Your square-rigged men had to think about something else than merely getting through each day as it came. They had to spend most of their time in actually fighting for dear life.

A windjammer was at the mercy of every wind that blew; and the only means of combating the worst the hurricanes, typhoons and cyclones of the world's seas could do was by studying these dangers where they existed, and discovering the best means of scotching their venom.

In doing this the windjammer men learnt something more than discipline—they learnt the great lesson that every man was necessary to the ship; and that if one man shirked his job, the safety of the ship might become hazarded, and, in any case, the errant's work fell on their remaining shoulders.

### *Sea-miracles*

Also, they learnt handiness—which is the ability to cope with every emergency, no matter how fantastic it might be, as it arose—instinctively guided by the common-sense bred in them by having to make shift in order to live.

As a result of this some incredible sea-miracles were performed.

One of the latest recorded was the salving of the *Trevessa's* crew in the lost ship's lifeboats, after an historical voyage which startled the world. And both the master and the chief officer of the *Trevessa* were men trained in sail.

If they had not been so trained, I assert that the epochal voyage would never have succeeded, and another tragedy would have been added to the list.

The plain fact is that Britain's sea-commerce is more vulnerable to-day than ever it was; not because the ships are less splendid, but because the men are less resourceful.

It is a national scandal that our sailormen are not given the opportunity to acquire this useful training which no steamship can ever supply, no matter how willing its people may be.

You cannot make athletes by letting them read books on athletics; you cannot make swimmers on dry land. Neither can you make firemen in an ice cave, for that matter.

To become a genuine sailor a man needs to learn how to fend for himself; how to educate his "nous"; how to grin and bear privations, and how to go on fighting the sea until the last big wave buffets him down to Davy Jones' locker.

These qualities are acquirable up aloft on the jerking, bucketing yards of a hard-wrought windjammer, just as they can be acquired at the six-foot steering wheel that kicks like a mule of a scooting windbag racing under bare poles before a hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane.

### *Kid-gloved lily-hands*

They are certainly not to be learnt on the sheltered deck of a smug freighter, with steam-heat in every cabin and forecastle, with a refrigerator to supply fresh food for every meal, and with engines to obey the lift of an officer's finger.

Going to sea to-day is a picnic. Oh, steamboatmen will deny it hotly; and by their very denials will condemn them as lily-handed weaklings. But it is as true as the quarterly gas-bill.

Your steam-trained sailor doesn't appreciate the venomous ugliness of the sea, and he does not realise its everlasting capacity to inflict hurt and death on its followers. He thinks he has it tamed and cowed — instead of which it is only scientifically bridled by all manner of fantastic contraptions that are designed to lull the sailor's fears and fighting spirit.

When he turns in at eight bells he knows that nothing will happen to compel him to turn out before the next eight bells.

You've only to talk with modern seamen and officers to realise how soft they are. They know how to keep a ship clean, and how, perhaps, to load and unload her cargoes. But there's more than that to seafaring—which takes place at sea, where shining brass and well-washed paintwork are really of secondary importance.

### *"Dodge it" motto*

What's to worry you? they ask. If it blows great guns—well, slow down your engines a little, head into the big seas, and, if necessary, drip a little oil from your bow-scuppers. If you get a weather report by radio of the imminence of a great storm—go round it, dodge it.

Let science serve as your handmaiden is to-day's motto. In the old days it was: "Beat sea and wind at their own game; save the ship if you have to tear your heart out by the roots!"

Of course, your steam-trained true-blue will say at once: "Why learn how to fire a flint-lock in these days of magazine rifles?" He'll argue that as the windbag is obsolete, so are the manners and customs it taught obsolete. Every emergency that can happen at sea is provided against, and ships are such scientific contraptions that they are fool-proof as well as weatherproof.

The answer is that there is always the liability of an unforeseen emergency. If your engines and wireless both break down when you are a couple of thousand miles from land, what then? Will a knowledge of gyroscopic compasses help you to bring your derelict hulk to safe harbour?

It's been known to happen; and it will happen again.

The sea always has a surprise up its sleeve, and it has a nasty trick of administering that surprise at the most inapposite moment—history proves that and will again prove it. For, though man's scientific knowledge teaches him to scoff at wind and water, the sea is unchanged.

One day the big overdue maritime disaster will happen, and then the cry will be: "What, weren't these men able to save that ship?"

Not the men's fault when it occurs, mark you—only the system's. The men would fit themselves for this battle in which there is no real armistice if opportunity offered.

It is the biggest scandal of to-day that we, a nation bred to the sea, dependent on the sea for almost every mouthful we eat and every rag we wear, should be the only seafaring nation to own not a single square-rigged ship whereon a race of pukka sailormen can be bred to keep our fine old traditions of dogged courage in face of disaster alive.

### *A terrible lesson . . .*

It is tragic to think that public opinion will not be stirred until some major catastrophe occurs to open the national eye to this state of affairs.

It has been tried; a general appeal was recently issued, appealing for funds wherewith to supply the country, on an altruistic basis, with a training ship capable of turning out a hundred qualified officers a year.

The response to that appeal was pitiable. England wanted its food and clothing, its dainties—but it didn't care a hang how it got them.

Well, we shall get our lesson one day; pray heaven it may not be too dire when it is taught! One of these young new ocean palaces will be lost with a couple of thousand precious lives, and a couple of millions of treasure, when a bit of honest-to-goodness sailorising would have saved her; and we shall say: "What a shame—something ought to be done about it!"

Never realising that we have the chance to do something about it to-day.

## OUR GREAT OFFER

THE response to the stupendous presentation offer of an entirely new one-guinea Encyclopædia and World Atlas made in last week's JOHN BULL has been overwhelming.

You, as the reader of JOHN BULL, are entitled to this latest and greatest of all handy Encyclopædias. But you must act immediately. This gigantic offer is drawing quickly to a close and the opportunity must be seized instantly or it will be gone.

If you have already accepted JOHN BULL'S Encyclopædia offer, here is your opportunity to do a friend a real good turn. Show him the announcement on pages 4 and 5. Tell him that he must act now or he may miss this wonderful opportunity. Your friend will thank you for introducing the most remarkable book offer of its kind ever made.

# ANNOUNCING

## LYBRO EASY FIT WORK-TOGS

Every man whose job makes it necessary for him to wear Overalls should buy the new Lybro Work-Togs. These consist of the new EASY-FIT BLUE BUTTON OVERALLS at 5/6 and BLUE BUTTON WORK SHIRTS at 4/11. If you buy the complete Togs at one time you save sixpence—the total cost being only 9/11.

The Blue Button Overalls have all the features of the famous Red Button type—but the price is cheaper. Lybro Work Shirts are indispensable to those who wear Overalls and the extra wear they give means added economy.

### BLUE BUTTON OVERALLS

Made of the famous Lybro Dungaree in Blue or Brown. The overalls which have THREE ROW STITCHING and treble-tacking for extra strength. They are easy to wash and have six large pockets. The buttons cannot come off. Your comfort and freedom is complete.

**5/6**

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Made in heavyweight soft Khaki or Blue Drill with collar attached and genuine "Lightning" Zip Fastener. The large, roomy armholes and full cut allow complete freedom. Govt. dye; colour fast. Easy to wash and will give hard service. Button front at same price.

**4/11**

## BOTH GARMENTS for 9/11

*If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, for name of nearest supplier.*

See your outfitter about this special offer. You save money by buying the complete Lybro Work-Togs at one time, and in addition get the finest value obtainable.

| | |
|---|---|
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| JACKETS OR TROUSERS | 5/6 |
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| EASY-FIT RED BUTTON—the Overall De Luxe—guaranteed unshrinkable | 6/11 |
| "LIGHTNING" ZIP BOILER SUITS | 11/6 |

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| 2 ,, ,, 8 x 6ft. | 3 12 6 | 2 2 6 |
| 3 ,, ,, 12 x 6ft. | 5 7 6 | 3 5 0 |
| 4 ,, ,, 16 x 6ft. | 7 15 0 | 4 5 0 |
| 5 ,, ,, 20 x 6ft. | 9 0 0 | 5 5 0 |
| 6 ,, ,, 24 x 6ft. | 10 15 0 | 6 5 0 |

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| 9 | 6 | 7½ | 4 | 4 5 0 |
| 10 | 7 | 7½ | 4½ | 5 5 0 |
| 12 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 6 5 0 |
| 15 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 8 5 0 |

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In 6 Complete Sections, including Roof—Staging for both sides

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| 9 | 6 | 7½ | 4 | 7 2 6 |
| 10 | 7 | 7½ | 4½ | 9 0 0 |
| 12 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 10 12 6 |
| 15 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 13 17 6 |

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The most popular Greenhouse. Everything complete. Specification as above.

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| 9 | 6 | 7½ | 4 | 5 5 0 |
| 10 | 7 | 7½ | 4½ | 6 15 0 |
| 12 | 8 | 8 | 5 | 8 2 6 |
| 15 | 9 | 8 | 5 | 10 17 6 |

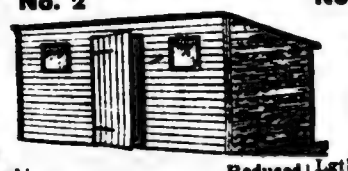
Exceptional Value **MARVEL HUTS** Well-Seasoned Timber

**£1** *Suitable for Tool Sheds, Potting Sheds, Cycle Houses, and numerous other purposes. Can be adapted for small Pavilion, Dressing Room or Canteen for Sports Club.* Substantially constructed, the four sides and roof in complete sections, simply screw together. Strongly framed, and covered with ½in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards. Door hung on strong hinges, complete with necessary fittings, window as illustrated, complete with glass and felt for roof.

**No. 1**

| Lgth. | Wth. | Hght. | Reduced Price. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4ft. | 4ft. | 6½ft. | £1 0 0 |
| 5 | 4 | 6½ | 1 5 0 |
| 6 | 4 | 6½ | 1 10 0 |
| 7 | 5 | 7 | 2 10 0 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 7 6 |
| 10 | 6 | 7 | 3 17 6 |

**No. 2**



| Lgth. | Wth. | Hght. | Reduced Price. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 7ft. | 5ft. | 7ft. | £2 15 0 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 12 6 |
| 10 | 6 | 7 | 4 2 6 |
| 12 | 6 | 7 | 5 7 6 |
| 15 | 6 | 7 | 6 17 6 |

For other designs see list.

**No. 4**

| Lgth. | Wth. | Hght. | Reduced Price |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6½ft. | £1 17 6 |
| 7 | 5 | 6½ | 2 17 6 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 15 0 |
| 10 | 7 | 7 | 4 5 0 |
| 12 | 8 | 7 | 5 12 6 |

Floors on strong joist, extra 8/6, 10/6, 15/-, £1/2/6, £1/10 respectively.

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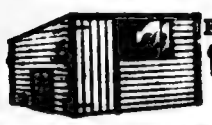

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MADE IN FIVE COMPLETE SECTIONS. Strongly framed. Sides, ends and roof covered—with ½-in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards, as illustrated.

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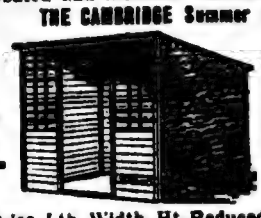

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| 6 | 4 | 6½ | 1 15 0 |
| 7 | 5 | 7 | 2 15 0 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 12 6 |
| 10 | 6 | 7 | 4 2 6 |

| Lth. | Width. | Ht. | Reduced Price |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4ft. | 4ft. | 6½ft. | £0 18 6 |
| 5 | 4 | 6½ | 1 2 6 |
| 6 | 4 | 6½ | 1 5 0 |
| 7 | 5 | 7 | 2 5 0 |
| 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 0 0 |
| 10 | 6 | 7 | 3 7 6 |

| Lth. | Width. | Ht. | Reduced Price |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6½ft. | £1 17 6 |
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# The Story BARRIE NEVER WROTE

## —but made come true

**Peter Pan never grew up. But he is helping a host of sick children to grow up into strong and healthy citizens.**

**Mr. James McKay, till recently secretary of the Empire's most famous children's hospital, in this special interview with "John Bull," reveals how.**

SINCE Sir James Barrie gave the copyright of "Peter Pan" to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, London, W.C., over three years ago, it has brought in between £6,000 and £7,000 each year.

And as long as children and grown-ups enjoy going to see the play as much as they do at present, it looks as if "Great Ormond Street" will be able to count on that large sum every year to help it in its work for the sick children.

Sir James Barrie was one of our governors and had always been our friend. Then early in 1929 he heard we were badly in need of funds.

So he sent for me and said: "I had arranged in my will that on my death the copyright of 'Peter Pan' should go to Great Ormond Street. But, I have changed my mind. Instead, I propose to give it to you now, so that you may benefit from the income immediately."

I did not know then exactly what this would mean in hard cash to the hospital, but I knew that here was a great man giving the greatest piece of work he had ever done so that the sick children of the poor might have more of the care and attention they needed.

We had at that time already acquired Tadworth Court, the convalescent home in Surrey where we send the little patients who need building up after they leave Great Ormond Street.

But its usefulness could not be fully developed for lack of funds. Peter Pan made this possible.

To-day anyone who cares to go down into Surrey to see it will find a "house full" of happy children who look remarkably well considering that every one of them is convalescing after a serious illness.

* * *

Except for half a dozen or so cot cases, suffering from spinal trouble or severe heart disease, and perhaps one or two with limbs in plaster, you will find them all having the time of their lives in the sand-pit, the swimming-pool, or at any one of the thousand exciting things that every child will find to do when turned loose in the country.

There are acres and acres of meadowland, with sheep peacefully grazing, where the children are at liberty to run wild.

"We let them do exactly as they like," Sister Smith, who is in charge, will tell you, "and they come in at night looking like little sweeps. Then into a hot bath for every one and they come out as clean as new pins."

Early this year we were able to open a new pavilion at Tadworth, which accommodates forty children. The original house has room only for thirty-five, so that with this addition we were able to double its usefulness. Ultimately we hope to build twelve of these pavilions.

One of the most interesting cases that Tadworth Court has ever had was little Arthur. His story is typical of how Great Ormond Street never allows a child to go out of its care until it is entirely well again.

Arthur first came to Great Ormond Street when he was nine months old—a puny little creature, desperately ill with a disorder of the liver which made it impossible for him to digest fat in any form. For three years the hospital took care of him, and then when the Peter Pan gift gave us more funds for running Tadworth he was one of the patients to be sent there.

*At Tadworth Court: "A house full of happy children having the time of their lives"*

He was then getting on for four years old, but . . . he could not walk, nor say a word, and he weighed only 17 lb.

When the sister wanted to dress him up for his first Christmas party she had to buy a knitted suit for a newly born baby, and as she could not buy socks small enough to fit him, she made them herself.

You could not imagine a more pathetic little object than Arthur.

Dr. Ritchie, the resident doctor at Tadworth, and Sister Smith between them took him in hand. Patiently and persistently he was taught to talk, learning his first words by lip reading. Next they taught him to walk

By the time he was ready to leave Tadworth he had grown to normal weight and size and was on an ordinary diet.

* * *

But Great Ormond Street would not let him go until it was sure he was going back to a home where he would be able to get proper care. So a responsible person from the hospital went to see his parents at Southend. They were gipsies who lived in a caravan and were very poor, and it was doubtful whether their little son, though now quite well and normal, would be strong enough to stand the strain of the hard life his parents were living.

Great Ormond Street decided that the risk was not worth running. So, when Arthur waved good-bye to his friends at Tadworth, it was not to go back to his gipsy home in a caravan, but into the care of a kind, motherly woman who lived in the country. And the hospital still makes itself responsible for his maintenance.

There are many other stories I could tell about the wonderful things Great Ormond Street achieves for the children, not only in England, but in distant parts of the Empire.

The case of which, perhaps, we are proudest, was that of little Mary. Mary was a sweet-tempered girl living in the East End of London, who went off to school after kissing her mother good-bye one morning and did not return. Late that afternoon the alarm was raised and after a long search the police found her the same night, a raving lunatic

During the day the child had developed that terrible disease, general paralysis of the insane—an inheritance, as we discovered afterwards, from her ancestors two or three generations back. Her mother brought her to the Children's Hospital and we took her in. At that time there was no known cure for her trouble—you just had to wait for the patient to die.

So Mary, suffering terribly, stayed with us for seven months, when, being short of beds and as we could do nothing for her and she was in no immediate danger of dying, we discharged her.

Then it looked as if Mary must go to an asylum, and her poor distracted parents begged us to take her back. And we did.

This time one of our staff doctors took a special interest in her case. "We think her disease can never be cured," he said to himself, "but why shouldn't it be. I am going to try."

So, with the permission of the parents, he began to make experiments, and after a long series of treatments he did, in the end, cure her. It was the first time in the history of medicine that it had been done.

Altogether we looked after her for five years, and she has since grown up into a healthy woman.

* * *

One of the most striking changes which has taken place since I first began my work at Great Ormond Street thirty-seven years ago is in the attitude of parents towards the work the hospital is doing. When I first went there the contributions of parents towards the upkeep of the hospital were nil. Last year they amounted to over £5,000.

And that is contributed in small sums like 2s. 6d., 5s. or perhaps 10s. They all try to give what they can.

I have known a mother walk, carrying her baby, for miles to the hospital, have it treated and then carry it all the way back again so that she could save the sixpence in 'bus fares to give to the hospital. That is a touching tribute to our work, which we value very much.

One of the immediate results of the gift of "Peter Pan" was the formation of the Peter Pan League. This is for children all over the world, and now there are 8,000 members. The annual subscription is a shilling (or more if you like) and all the funds go to Great Ormond Street.

So the hospital that helps children all over the world is also helped by children all over the world.

Greatest Offer Ever Made!

# Free!

to all sufferers from
CORNS, TIRED FEET, RHEUMATISM,
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Instant Relief from
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HERE'S an opportunity you may never get again! For a few days only you can obtain a *REALLY GENEROUS TRIAL PACKET* of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' for 6d. (the cost of postage and packing only)—*If you are not more than satisfied with what you get, your money will be refunded.*

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**CORNS** and **FOOT TROUBLES** disappear like magic in a foot-bath which has been medicated and oxygenated by 'Reudel Bath Saltrates.' The oxygen carries wonderful solvent ingredients to the root of the corn. *Soon it comes out and your misery is gone for good.* Foot aches and pains vanish too for a 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' footbath draws out the harmful acids and clogging impurities which cause soreness, tiredness and tenderness.

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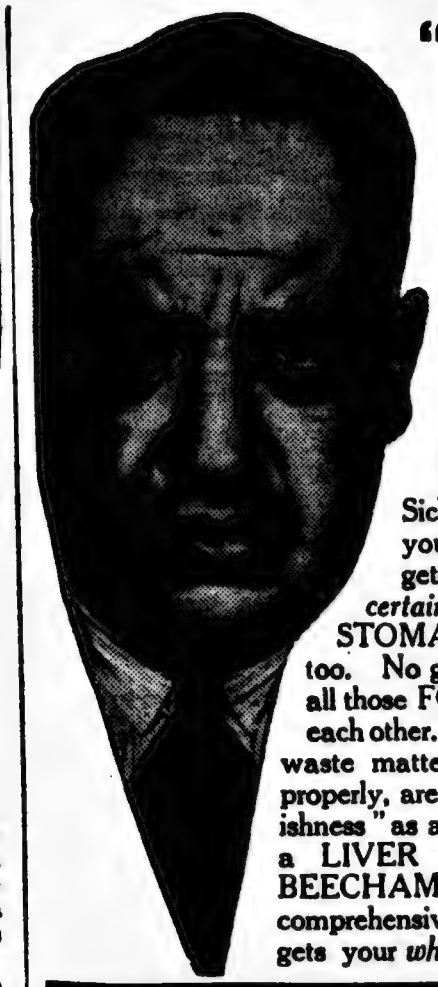
In Wallets of 7 blades for 6d



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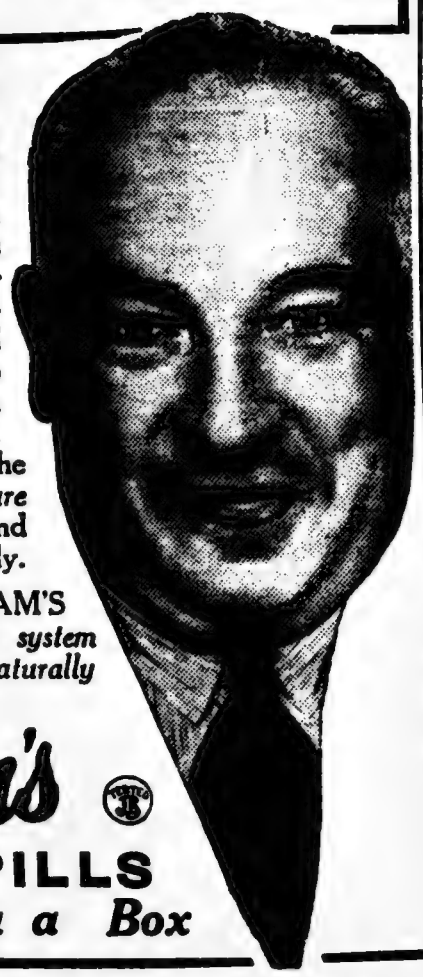
*Beecham's* PILLS are "Worth a Guinea a Box"—

to your STOMACH, BOWELS, LIVER and KIDNEYS



BEECHAM'S PILLS waken up and tone your sluggish LIVER, and restore the normal flow of Bile juice . . . but that's not all! They gently but completely wash away every trace of poisonous waste matter from the system—delayed and incomplete elimination. They sweeten and strengthen the STOMACH, so that every mouthful of food you eat afterwards does you *good*. And they flush out and purify the KIDNEYS, so that *rich, pure* blood can carry new health and vitality to every part of your body.

After a week or so, BEECHAM'S PILLS will have your *whole system* looking after itself—working *naturally* again.

*Sold Everywhere*

*Beecham's* PILLS

*Worth a Guinea a Box*

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

### Quick, Pleasant Relief

ONE of the safest, surest and most pleasant things to stop children's coughs is honey syrup. The penetrating antiseptic pine vapours together with soothing, healing honey, squills and tolu make this the most effective remedy known for coughs, sore throat, chest colds and bronchial affections. It soothes and heals inflamed tissues, cuts obstinate phlegm and instantly stops coughing and irritation. At night it acts like a charm! Every mother should keep 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup handy during treacherous winter weather when the daily journey to and from school, sometimes in fog, rain or snow often causes coughs and bronchial troubles which may so easily undermine youthful constitutions.

**'PINEATE'** Brand **HONEY SYRUP**

*From all chemists. 1/6 a bottle.*

## STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved, and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex. It is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

## A WORD TO ALL GOOD HUSBANDS

It isn't true that women can't help the worries of a household affecting their nerves and making them irritable. Perhaps they do take them too seriously and exaggerate them, but the real trouble is that they get run-down.

The way to prevent it is to get your wife to take Wincarnis. That will put her right, build up and restore her nerves, let her sleep properly and help her to face the worries of her little world calmly and peacefully.

Really, it is amazing how quickly Wincarnis works, for the good it does is permanent good. It is simply the purest of fine wine, with all the nourishing properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis yourself if you find it hard to sleep. It will keep your nerves calm and cool, prevent your health giving way under the strain of overwork and worry. Get your first bottle to-day.

## MONEY TO BURN!

Unless you can afford to set fire to money, roll your own cigarettes with ZIG-ZAG. It gives you a pure, fresh cigarette-and much less of your money goes up in smoke.

**ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS**


# Our Letter Parliament

A STUPID, trivial estrangement resulted in a separation between my wife and myself.

For six months, lonely and depressed, I had "done for myself." On my first birthday after our break, I was at home, feeling far from festive, when *she* came.

Handing me a little parcel, she smiled and said: "Just a birthday gift, and—well, for weeks I've been summoning up courage to ask you—don't you think we're a couple of pig-headed stupids?"

I did!

Ten birthdays since have found us smiling thankfully at that recollection.—*C. M., Edinburgh.*

### *Remembered*

"My happiest birthday"—how that little phrase brings back a certain day three years ago.

For ten years my hubby never missed my birthday present of a lovely box of chocolates. Three years ago he had a serious illness, and the day before my birthday the doctor's verdict was, "Twenty-four hours to live."

Try to imagine my feelings when, next day, I was told my husband would, with great care, pull through.

To crown my joy, when I got to his bedside he told me to open his locker, and there lay my beautiful box of chocolates.—*Happy Wife, Glasgow.*

### *Motherhood*

On the morning of my twenty-sixth birthday, about 3 a.m., the doctor arrived. He entered my bedroom, and I remembered very little after, as I was soon peacefully asleep.

When I awoke daylight was just creeping in, and as I turned my head, there, at the side of me, lay God's greatest gift, my first baby.

What happier birthday could I wish?—*Mother, Worcester.*

### *Busy Birthday*

On my twenty-first birthday my father said: "Son, you are entering into partnership with me to-day. Competition is fierce. I'm banking on you to pull things round or we shall be facing bankruptcy within a year. My boy, it's up to you."

That proved the happiest birthday of my life. We spent the day making new plans and preparations. New ideas and selling policies were evolved, an advertising scheme was outlined, and midnight found us still engrossed in our task.

And the results eventually justified the effort.—*Young Business Man, London.*

### *Her Very Own*

My happiest birthday was the first my little adopted daughter had with me.

We made it hers. To witness her delight at the first birthday party she knew, at the cake with its seven pink candles in blue holders, with coloured marzipan sweets, was wonderful.

The joy to her of being able to have other little children at her very own party was to me the best birthday present anyone could have.—*M. E. T., Kent.*

### *Hope Revived*

My mind goes back to a birthday when I was in the depths of despair.

Hearing a slight noise on awaking, I opened my eyes and saw my little daughter standing there, with a beaming smile, holding a bunch of primroses (my favourite flower), all wet with dew.

Bless her, she had gone early to a field a long way off, and had to pass a house where there were two savage dogs.

She could never imagine what hope that posy brought me.—*Mrs. G., Lancs.*

### *Alone, Waiting*

I am over eighty years old now, and birthdays pass quickly without special recognition. Yet the sweetness of a birthday in the long ago will remain until the end.

I was eighteen then, with all a girl's love of life. To my birthday party came a young man neighbour, who shyly wished me all future happiness.

We talked later in the evening, when suddenly my companion expressed his love for me, which made my heart rejoice.

Many years of married happiness followed that wonderful birthday; but now I am alone, waiting for reunion.—*Mrs. G., Hull.*

### *Honoured*

It was my twenty-second birthday. I travelled to London with the young soldier to whom I was engaged. Our destination was Buckingham Palace.

There my fiancé was to be decorated with the highest honour a British soldier can gain, the Victoria Cross. That day was crammed with excitement and happiness.—*A. M., Lancs.*

### *Special Bloom*

On the day I was nine, my father came in to breakfast, and, bringing from behind his back a beautiful pink rose, said: "I found this in my garden, blooming specially for my little girl's birthday."

As I lifted the lovely flower to smell it, I saw, cunningly hidden between the pink petals, a gleaming new sixpence.

The sheer delight of that unexpected gift filled my childish mind with joy that none of the ordinary presents could do, and its romance lingers yet.—*Mrs. C., Gainsborough.*

* * *

The day I was born! It must have been my happiest birthday, for then I had no worries, and folks who had been concerning themselves about me had been relieved.—*A. W., Blackburn.*

When my little boy, age six, said: "Mamma, I was going to buy you a nice new frock for your birthday, but I hadn't enough pennies, so I've bought you a nice handkerchief."—*C. A. Wise, Hull.*

When my child proudly gave me a packet of cigarettes, wrapped in about six sheets of newspaper.—*Sousah, Stockport.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 20.

**My Most Wonderful Dream**

# My Happiest BIRTHDAY

## *A Parcel for Granny*

*IT was the first time my little granddaughter had visited me in my home in the country, and she and her mother arrived on my birthday.*

*Never shall I forget the pride with which she handed me my present and wished me "Many happy returns, Granny." It was a long, cardboard box, and how excitedly she watched me untie the string.*

*The box contained a warm woollen garment, and when I kissed her and thanked her with tear-dimmed eyes, I know her happiness was complete, as certainly was mine.—C. C., Hants.*

## Football Selections for September 17

# OUR EXPERT FORECASTS...

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) EVERTON v. Manchester C.
(2) Wolverhampton v. Chelsea.
(3) Blackpool v. Sunderland.
••(4) ARSENAL v. Bolton.
(5) ASTON VILLA v. Leicester.
(6) Blackburn v. W. B. ALBION.
•(7) DERBY v. Birmingham.
(8) LEEDS v. Wednesday.
(9) MIDDLESBRO' v. Liverpool.
(10) NEWCASTLE v. Portsmouth.
(11) SHEFFIELD U. v. Huddersfield.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford.
(2) Chesterfield v. Notts C.
••(3) BRADFORD C. v. Swansea.
(4) CHARLTON v. Preston.
(5) BURY v. Hotspur.
(6) FULHAM v. Port Vale.
(7) LINCOLN v. Southampton.
(8) MANCHESTER U. v. Grimsby.
(9) FOREST v. Burnley.
•(10) STOKE v. Oldham.
(11) WEST HAM v. Millwall.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) C. PALACE v. Southend.
••(2) READING v. Brighton.
•(3) BRENTFORD v. Luton.
(4) Bristol C. v. Boscombe.
(5) Cardiff v. BRISTOL R.
(6) ORIENT v. Norwich.
(7) COVENTRY v. Newport.
(8) Gillingham v. Q. P. Rangers.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Swindon.
(10) TORQUAY v. Exeter.
•(11) WATFORD v. Aldershot.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

(1) Hartlepools v. GATESHEAD.
(2) WREXHAM v. Tranmere.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Stockport.
(4) BARROW v. Accrington.
••(5) CARLISLE v. Rotherham.
(6) Chester v. New Brighton.
(7) CREWE v. Southport.
(8) DONCASTER v. Rochdale.
•(9) HALIFAX v. Walsall.
••(10) HULL v. Darlington.
(11) York v. Mansfield.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

(1) Hamilton v. Airdrie.
••(2) RANGERS v. Partick.
•(3) ABERDEEN v. E. Stirling.
(4) Clyde v. THIRD LANARK.
(5) Falkirk v. MOTHERWELL.
•(6) HEARTS v. Dundee.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. Ayr.
(8) Morton v. St. Mirren.
(9) Queen's Park v. CELTIC
(10) St. Johnstone v. Cowdenbeath.

## FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*): Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—5 (*A*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Bradford City, Bristol Rovers and Rangers.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish
Hysterionis No. 12.
Elizabeth A.D. 1558-1603.

Queen Bess: "Not to-day, Sir Walter—our Royal footwear has been polished and made waterproof with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

Sir Walter Raleigh, hero of the well-known story of Elizabeth and the Cloak, was born in 1552. In 1584 he sent an expedition to explore the American coast, and a district was colonised which was named Virginia, after Elizabeth—the Virgin Queen. Here potatoes and tobacco were raised and introduced into England.

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tonetta. In Tins with easy-opener 2½d., 4½d. & 6d.

Graham Farish (The Wireless Pioneer) Says:—

Mr. Graham Farish is no new-comer to the Radio World, the Graham Farish Products having been famous since the earliest days of Wireless. Ask your dealer.

"Don't blame the valves or the battery—

fit FILT

percolative earthing device"

Before you go to the expense of buying new valves or a new battery, consider whether you might not save the expense of both, and improve your reception tenfold, by fitting FILT percolative earth.

The great majority of wireless troubles arise from faulty earth connections. The symptoms are so varied that you suspect everything but the right thing—the earthing device.

Many attempts have been made to produce a satisfactory earthing device, but I honestly believe the percolative properties of the wonderful chemical in FILT to be as big an advance as electricity is over candlelight. When you have fitted FILT your set will far outshine its previous best in volume, tone, and above all, PURITY.

Simply bury the copper receptacle containing the wonderful FILT chemical, which at once begins to spread through the earth, attracting moisture and making a PERMANENT highly conductive area to the depth of several feet, earthing your set perfectly.

GRAHAM FARISH

FILT

PERCOLATIVE EARTH

Get a FILT today from the nearest radio dealer, or direct (post free) from the sole manufacturers.

2/6 COMPLETE

Graham Farish Ltd.
165, Mason's Hill,
Bromley, Kent.

A PACKET OF 'ASPRO' MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

A packet of 'ASPRO' in a lady's handbag—in a man's vest pocket—or in the home, just makes all the difference between hours of suffering and freedom from pain—or maybe the difference between a week-end or holiday spoilt and leisure enjoyed. Big complaints grow from minor complaints. If you nip them in the bud by taking 'ASPRO' at inception you get immediate relief from your pain and so turn what would be a period of discomfort into one of freedom. When you have 'ASPRO' in your bag—in your pocket—or in your home, you are provided with an

INSTANTANEOUS PAIN RELIEF SERVICE

TRY 'ASPRO" FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE DISORDER
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: SOLLIN & CO., PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), Slough, Bucks. 'Phone: Slough 608.
Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

'ASPRO' BRINGS SOUND SLEEP

Dear Sirs, Belleville, Cape Province.

It is with much pleasure I write to you of the great benefit I derived from your 'ASPRO' tablets. For the past fortnight I could not sleep. I laid awake to the early hours of the morning. After taking two tablets I had a sound sleep. 'ASPRO' I will recommend to all my friends. J. W. VAN OORDT.

'ASPRO' WONDERFUL DEPRESSION GOES

70 Bennington Square, Vauxhall, London S.W.8

Dear Sirs,

I feel it is my duty to write you about your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. Until quite recently have been feeling terribly depressed, although only a young man, have been walking about feeling like 90, but a friend asked if I had tried 'ASPRO' which I did. Now, after three weeks, I feel as well as ever I did. Will never be without them in future.

Yours faithfully,
HOOK (Mr.).

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6
PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 96 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO REGISTERED TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

# 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD *provides* LIVELY PUZZLES *and* LIFE-TIME PRIZES

## 30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE

## £30 CHEQUE YEARLY ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £750 . .

FINE SUM OF £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL BONUS OF £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS UP WHO SEND TWO ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

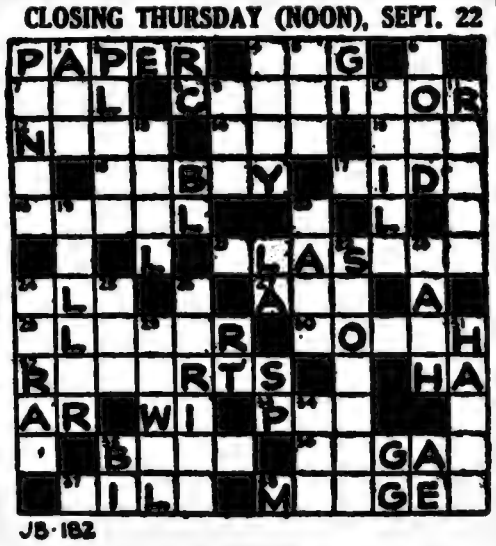
**"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and a £30 Cheque yearly on your birthday (or £750 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 29th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 6th.**

**For half-an-hour's amusement this evening you can secure "John Bull's" Life Pension of 30s. a week—and a cheque for £30 on your Birthday morning every year as well!**

**Study closely the interesting Clues, fill in the little squares below and this great 2-in-1 prize may come to you. Make sure that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, September 22.**

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 182. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 22

JB·182



JB·182

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

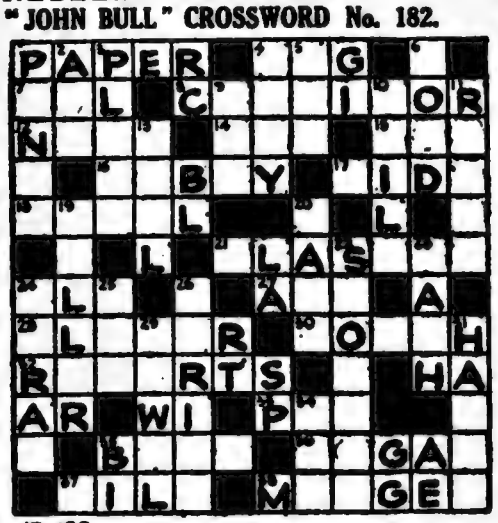
**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

*SIGNED*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

### "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 182. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), SEPT. 22



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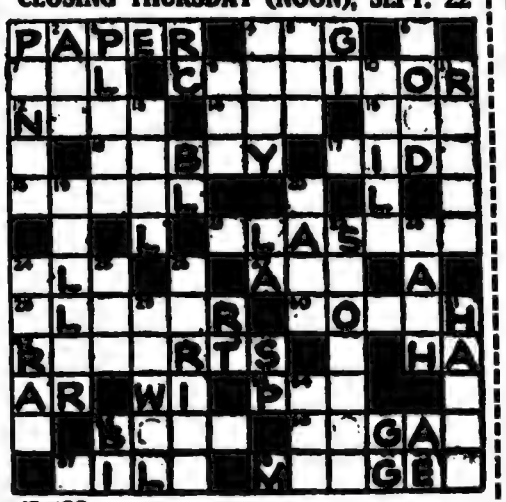


JB·182

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

*SIGNED*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

**NEXT WEEK'S RECORD X-WORD LIFE PENSION £8 A WEEK FOR LIFE!**

### CLUES ACROSS

1. These words are printed on.
4. He chases the cat.
7. Ailing.
8. Money is owing to him.
12. Without water.
14. First number.
15. An alcoholic drink.
16. Protests when fare's short.
17. Means ball doesn't go straight.
18. You do this with your nose.
21. Are on velvet, in some cases.
24. Artful.
27. It drops from your cigarette.
28. Ingenious
30. Helps to find your way in the dark.
32. Ready replies.
33. Kitchen utensil.
35. Sun's rays do this upon the earth.
36. Kingly.
37. Has medicinal value.
38. Combines.

### CLUES DOWN

1. They have a distinctive aroma.
2. Same again as 15 across.
3. Is often secured in race.
4. Declare untrue.
5. Poem.
6. Be careful if you've this about you.
9. What burglars do.
10. Opposite of "heads."
11. Steer your boat clear of these.
13. Describes American stories.
19. Does grinding.
20. What ship carries
22. One who makes a noise.
23. Every.
24. Refuse.
25. Although.
26. Provides you with entertainment.
29. What every word contains.
31. Sources of profit.
34. Crude mineral.

*If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.*

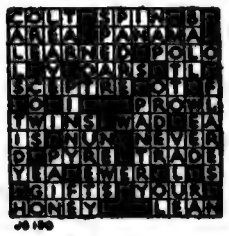
**Address Entry:** 'JOHN BULL,' CROSSWORD No. 182, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

**ENTRY FEE:** With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

### Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 180



JB·180

***Winners in 179 on page 29***

Result of 180 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 180 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED**

**READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.**

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, and copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co./: write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 22nd, 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misplaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 6th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 18th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

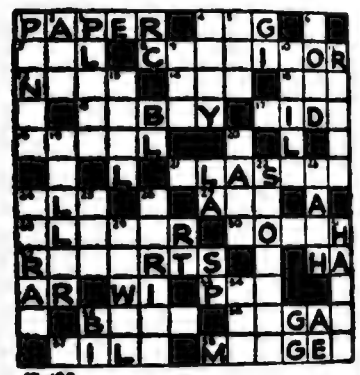
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW**

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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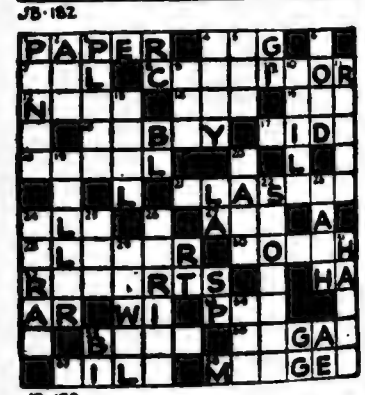

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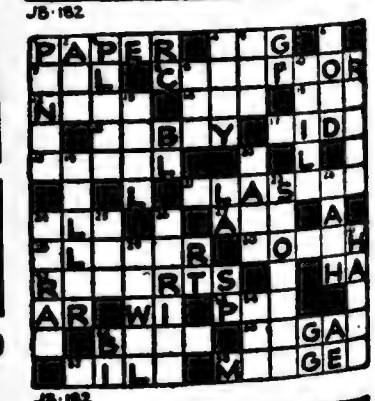

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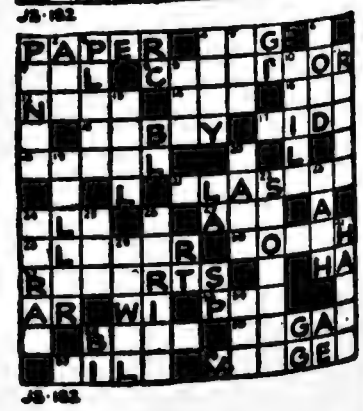


JB·182

# The EDITOR Laughs Last

*F. L. (Neasden).—"The evil that men do lives after them . . ."*

A. S. (Leeds).—"Can any woman keep a secret?" Yes; in circulation.

H. M. (Hampstead).—"I now have a longer walk home from the club." Has the street been widened?

TRAVELLER (Crewe).—"I slipped from the railway platform and bumped my head on the metals." Hard lines.

WRITER (Bloomsbury). — "Strong-minded women make splendid wives." They also make very obliging husbands.

DECORATOR (Hull).—"Is your front door attractive?" It certainly seems to have a fascination for vacuum cleaner salesmen.

A. C. (Barrow).—"Every minute of the day my active brain is working all the time." Suppose you write your letters at night?

DOCTOR (Glasgow).—"Seaside air tends to make the face go brown." Seaside bills, on the other hand, tend to make it go a pale, sickly grey.

EXPLORER (Canterbury).—"In Africa there are sights too horrible to contemplate." There are here, too; usually in an envelope marked "O.H.M.S."

B. D. (Epsom).—"A wasp can travel ten miles without alighting." But it seldom does so.

E. S. (Hastings).—"A good housewife can run the home like clockwork." On tick?

P. S. (Smethwick).—"A fall downstairs is a sign somebody is coming to meet you." A doctor?

T. M. (Acton).—"Where are the most beautiful British girls usually found?" In front of mirrors.

LABOURER (Suffolk).—"I was ninety last birthday and have not been on a main road a dozen times in my life." Then that accounts for your reaching ninety.

T. G. (Warwick).—"Recent company reports show that five thousand fewer gramophones have been sold this year than last." Another step towards world peace.

F. D. (Barmouth).—"When the fire broke out the audience began to panic, but as soon as I started to sing they sank down into their seats again." Stunned?

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"Gardening soothes the nerves and calms the emotions." Except, of course, when the gardener finds that the sparrows have been at his gooseberries again.

LUCY (Brighton).—"The seaside girl needs only a tiny attaché-case as luggage for a fortnight's holiday nowadays." Judging from the beach as we saw it last Sunday we wonder why she brings even that.

MRS. D. (Streatham).—"A motor lorry passing fifteen yards away caused a valuable ornament to fall from the mantelshelf of a London flat." At any rate, that's what the maid told her mistress.

MISS POLLY (Southampton).—"When one is discussing one's engagement ring, how does one pronounce the name of the stones? Is it 'dymonds' or 'di-a-monds'?" The correct pronunciation is very often paste.

S. K. (Paisley).—"Many people close their eyes when they laugh." We don't; or we should never be able to read your letters.

G. H. S. (Fulham).—"An efficiency expert says that heavy luncheons are bad for business." But not for the restaurant business.

S. P. (Canterbury).—"I've got a present for the one I love best." Bought yourself a new pipe?

N. F. (Lincoln).—"There are two sides to everything." You have never seen a woman in evening dress.

MRS. D. (Monmouth).—"Ladies should use soap to stop ladders in their stockings." Or soft soap and get a new pair?

D. T. (Sussex).—"Most men find it difficult to meet expenses." We generally meet them everywhere.

K. G. (Staines).—"It's lovely to have a swim from a river punt." Unless, of course, you really meant to be poling it.

S. B. (Chelmsford).—"I think all prisons and policemen should be abolished." What have you done now?

PERCY (Wadhurst).—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" Certainly, and that it often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

R. M. (Epping).—"Every man of sixty may still be a boy at heart." But unfortunately he's apt to find that his liver is quite grown up.

F. M. (Brighton).—"As I came to the end of my lecture you could have heard a pin drop in the hall." But there was no one left to drop it?

W. E. (Cambridge).—"I know a grocer who would probably do well as a novelist." We know novelists who might do very well as grocers.

D. S. (Beccles).—"Popular songs don't live long." No, they are murdered.

*. . . We've seen some of those family snapshot albums, too.*

STAN (Dewsbury).—"My sister has insured her legs." Pin-money.

X. Y. Z. (Redhill).—"How can I cure my infatuation for a girl?" Marry her.

T. M. (Halifax).—"I always admit when I am wrong." It must be a whole-time job.

E. M. (Hitchin).—"I think my last letter must have pleased you." No, but it will.

H. F. (Littlehampton).—"How can I find lost relatives?" Buy a cottage in the country.

H. M. (Diss).—"I am one of those men who really count in the sporting world." A boxing referee?

DISTRESSED (Newry).—"Our maid left us without notice." That's nothing. Ours left us without china.

H. K. (Carlisle).—"A bachelor has no one to share his troubles." But why should he have any troubles?

MISS M. (Wrotham).—"A certain young man says I am the only girl he has ever been in love with." But is he certain?

H. C. (Eastbourne).—"What is the smallest sum a housewife can manage on?" The most her husband can give her.

G. R. (London, W.).—"Why are some accountants so flighty with their typists?" Because of their love of figures.

S. R. (Derby).—"My sweetheart is an author." Never mind; there is always the chance that someone might die and leave you money.

E. P. (Charlton).—"What do you do when you've reversed the high and low tension leads and there's a flash in your wireless set?" That's simple—enter a good *Bullet* on one of the coupons on page 39 and win a new £21 Radio.

G. F. (Barnsley).—"I am a heavy smoker, and I think I ought to take more exercise. Can you recommend anything?" Why not try rolling your own cigarettes?

RADIO-FAN (Honiton).—"I try to persuade my friends that the B.B.C. programmes are the only ones worth listening to." Our set won't get foreign stations very well either.

T. R. (Truro).—"My work requires brains." Then we hope you have a fully qualified assistant.

T. W. (Leeds).—"What does a Mormon want with three wives?" Plenty of tact and cash, we should say.

"JACK TAR" (Portsmouth).—"In the Navy we've all caught the Yo-Yo craze." Yo-Yo and a bottle of rum.

A. C. (Westerham).—"What stops a car from skidding?" Either a lamppost or another car, as a rule.

B. E. (Aldershot).—"Why do we never hear of nagging husbands?" Because husbands never get the chance to nag.

W. P. (Cardiff).—"For three years I didn't have a shirt to my back." Dear, dear. How did you manage about a hole for your collar stud?

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

## ADAMSON *changes (head)gear*

T. H. M. (Walthamstow).—"What does a man mean when he says a girl is a live wire?" He probably means she's a shocker.

G. M. (Bodmin).—"I was very much in love with a rich girl, but her father came between us." You're lucky he did not come behind you.

F. M. (Goole).—"I had a big surprise when I suddenly came face to face with the one person who had ruined my life." Didn't you know the mirror was there?

MRS. D. (Bath).—"Although I have been married twelve years I still put my hubby's slippers on for him when he returns from work." See letter below.

MRS. D. (Bath).—"For the last twelve years my wife has been taking my boots away when I return from the office so that I cannot go to the club." See letter above.


# Poor Typist Marries Millionaire

She was just a poor typist—had no money for expensive gowns; she did not even have particularly good features, but she did have one thing that always arouses a man's admiration—a lovely fresh complexion.

To-night before going out try this simple but amazing recipe. Your greatest friends will marvel at the tremendous improvement in your attractiveness, and yet they will never guess that it is not absolutely all your own natural beauty.

Just blend a teaspoonful of mousse of cream with your face powder. Mousse of Cream is an ingredient discovered by a world-famous beauty specialist. It not only gives complexions of rare beauty obtainable in no other way but makes the powder stay on three times as long. It enables you to dance all the evening in a hot ballroom and keep your complexion as fresh as when you began—no shiny nose, no hot greasy face, and no need for constant repowdering.

Get a shilling box and use it before you go out to-night. *His* obvious admiration will surprise and delight you.

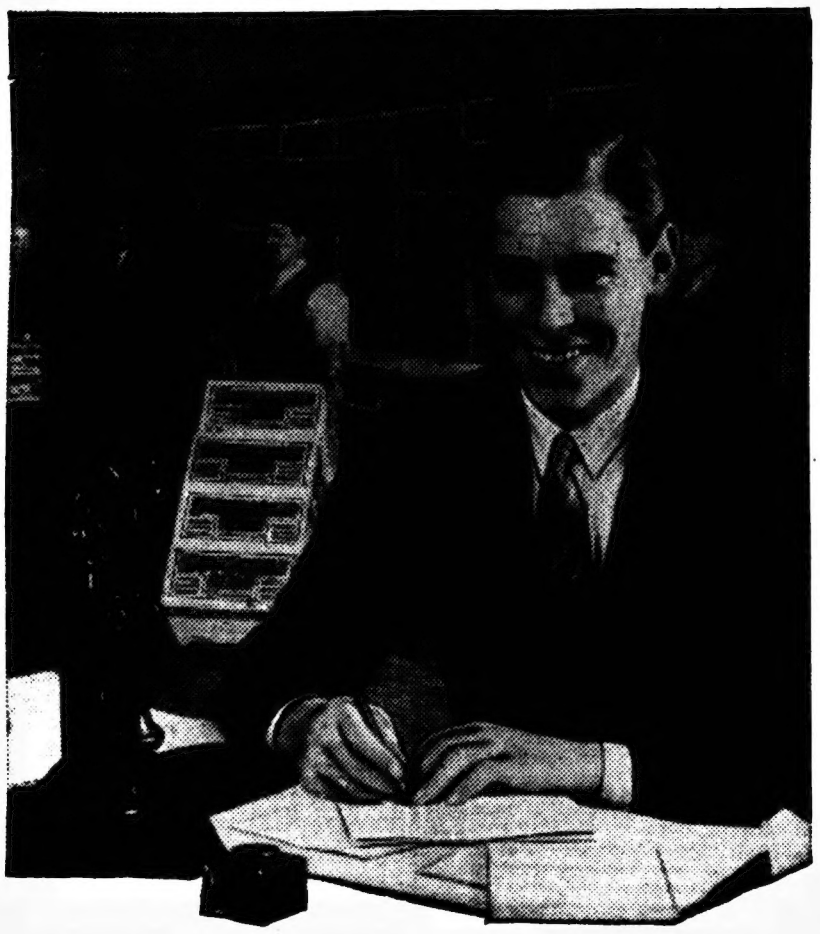
## TO CURE CATARRH

If you suffer from catarrh, bronchitis, chronic colds, or throat trouble, here is a fine recipe that often effects a permanent cure after other treatments have failed. Its action in the worst cases is most striking and effective. From your chemist get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ½-pint of hot water and 2 oz. of soft sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will bring quick relief from all the disgusting symptoms of catarrh. Clogged nostrils will open, the head clears, breathing becomes easy, mucus stops dropping into the throat, and vision, smell and hearing all improve. Anyone who has cartarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. It costs little, is easy to make, and there is nothing better.—Advt.

## New Way to Banish UGLY HAIR

**SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF BRITISH SCIENTIST**

To-day in 3 minutes you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Scientist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the NEW VERT—a delightfully perfumed white cream. Look on the label for NEW VERT.



*In three months*

# he got promotion

He's capable, of course. Then so are his workmates. But Thornton has that keen, alert appearance which a well-shaved face always gives—and that told in his favour. Yet he'd no more think of spending a shilling or more on his shaving stick than he'd shave himself with *ordinary* soap. No! Sixpence is all he pays for the Lever's Easy Shaving Stick which his wife buys for him at her dealer's. And for those six coppers he gets a hundred clean, close, comfortable shaves—the kind of shaves a man must have to help him to make good in a job.

*100 shaves for 6d*

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

E 218-172-88

# *In case of* EMERGENCY

"A STRONG swimmer, he had gone beyond the guard rope between the piers. The water was cold and he was seized with cramp. In spite of the efforts of a swimming attendant he was drowned."

JOHN BULL records another bathing fatality this week. A cheque for £250 has been sent to the victim's widow, Mrs. G. Page, of 54, Wadsley Lane, Hillsborough, Sheffield, paid under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance.

Our reader was spending his holidays when the fatality occurred, a time when risk of accident is always greatly increased.

Not only against bathing and other holiday risks, but against Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Burglary, JOHN BULL covers you free.

THE ONLY PAPER.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits, just as it is the ONLY paper to cover the reader's possessions against Storm and Flood. Sickness is another risk which JOHN BULL alone makes provision for.

JOHN BULL Free Insurance has been the lifebuoy which has borne up thousands of families in a sea of difficulty and trouble. The time may come when you will be very glad of such assistance for yourself.

The registration forms are below. Sign them now.

"JOHN BULL" HAS NOW PAID OVER £3,000 CHEQUES.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free.

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

*Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 17/9/32.

CUT HERE

*Post* this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 17.9.32.



# Has New Hair

**Kotalko Did It!**

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

**Test Box** If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (83, W.M.), London, W.1, Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



# RHEUMATISM BANISHED!

No matter how long you have suffered you can be cured. Rheumatism is caused by excessive uric acid and there is only one cure. DISSOLVE the uric acid, then drive it from the system. Urace Tablets do this—and purify the blood. Quickly banish pain. Ask your chemist. Write for free sample to—

URACE LABORATORIES,
(Dept. 32), 31-33 Banner St., London, E.C.1

1/3, 2/- & 5/- **URACE** BRAND TABLETS



# CORNS

Corns are old-fashioned. Get rid of them the new way. Ask your chemist for Peter Pan Corn Caps. Ninepence cures 6 corns.

A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

**CARPET SQUARES**

Rugs, Cork Lino, and Congoleum Squares, etc., in loveliest artistic patterns and colour harmonies, direct from Graves Warehouses at money-saving prices. Delivered Carriage Paid for a small deposit with order. Balance in monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated catalogue post free, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



**JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.**

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 87, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

ENORMOUS
ONE-WEEK
BULLETS
ST PRIZE
£750
and 10 £21 RADIO SETS with £5 CASH
OTHER PRIZES
£50 £30
10 at £2.10, 25 at £1
500 at 2/6 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS, 8,000 'TARGETS'
EDISON BELL 5-VALVE SUPER-HET. TRANSPORTABLE RECEIVERS – NO AERIAL, EARTH OR ELECTRIC MAINS REQUIRED
ENTER BY SAT. SEPT. 24

## HUGE OFFER OF CASH AND RADIO SETS

TO-DAY brings you the second big batch of prizes in JOHN BULL's huge Autumn Campaign. See how the attractions of fine cheques and superb Radio Sets have been combined in this wonderful one-week offer!

Following a First of £750 and other substantial sums for good *Bullets* comes an array of ten £21 Wireless Sets—luxurious five-valve "Super-het." Transportables, made and guaranteed by Edison Bell and complete in every detail, together with £5 cash.

The first step in making *Bullets* is to read slowly through the *Examples* provided and consider what pointed remark you can add to any of them. Do not expect the first words you jot down to be ready for the coupon. The *Bullet* will develop as you compress your comment into the TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS allowed.

If, for instance, you had chosen the *Example* BROTHERLY LOVE, you might notice the opportunity for a play on card games and complete your *Bullet* by adding the words "BRIDGE" To "HAPPY FAMILIES."

For further guidance, study the phrasing of the winners printed below and their varying styles.

Then get busy on your own prize *Bullets*, and see that your entry is in by Saturday September 24.

## OVER £1,000 AWARDED—COMPETITION No. 862

**FIRST PRIZE OF £600 AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END.**

**Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, 19, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris.**

Example:—WASTED LIFE
Bullet:—NEEDN'T BE—BE NEEDED!

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50

Mr. J. W. ANSON, 265, Boothferry Road, Hull.
Example:—Never Lonely
Bullet:—Because Of "Understanding Nature."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

### THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Miss E. M. DICKENSON, Oxelose Villa, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts.
Example:—When Nations Are Brothers
Bullet:—"Blow Struck" For Christianity.

### OTHER PRIZES:

£30: S. SHONE, 225, Kensington, Liverpool.
The Lion Roared And—Lioness Winked At Crowd.

£20: G. L. BROWN, 18, Pearfield Road, Sid...
Suppressed—Vile Past—Pile, Vast.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£19: F. H. BIRKHEAD, 31, Manvers Street, Newland, Hull.
Britain's Latest—Better—Britain's Best, Later.

£18: M. ROBINSON, 14, Mornington Avenue, Cranbrook Park, Ilford.
The Lecturer—And "Lantern" Too, Wife.

£17: J. SILCOX, 7, Alexandra Flats, Acton, London, W.
Wasted Life—Magistrate's "Extravagant Sentence" Began.

£16: S. A. EVANS, 57, Causeyware Road, Edmonton, N.
Britain's Latest—Sign Of Decline, Mollison.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£15: T. S. PEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Wasted Life—"To-morrow I'll—" To-morrow Idle.

£14: J. KERR, Factory, Waterside, Kirkintilloch.
Brought Home—Humanity's Problems—I'm Sacked.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£13: W. O'BRIEN, 42, Willowcourt Avenue, Kenton, Harrow.
Fighting For A Living—Lancashire—Meanwhile Living Dying.

£12: J. ROSE, 31, Roman Road, Ilford, E.
Leaves Us Wondering—Politician's "Excelsior!"—Taxation's "Avalanche."

£11: B. TUCK, Outwell, Wisbech, Cambs.
Statesmen—Conferring—But Conferring What?

*USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE*
**FREE "BULLETINS"**

**Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.**

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.**
*(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")*

£10: S. TYNEMOUTH, 6, Bolingbroke Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Suppressed—Jingoism—Or By Jingo—!

£9: S. J. KINGZETT, 16, Broomhall Crescent, Birmingham.
When Nations Are Brothers—"Lend Us Taxpayer, John!"

£8: W. HOLLINGS, 425, Brentwood Road, Squirrels Heath.
In A Knot—Railways—In "String," Coaches.

£7: R. MACNEILL, Haselbank, By Lanark.
Consoling—Cherub "Grim Angel" left.

£6: A. A. POST, "Cressmore" Bewdley Road, Stourport, Worcs.
With A Tin-opener—Father *Started* Opening Tin.

£5: H. MOON, Bridge Place Farm, Camerton, Nr. Bath.
Knowing—Others Worse, Smothers Curse.

**A list of 30 £2 10s. and 300 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.**

**ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.**

**The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 861 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Newsham, 2, Gradwell Street, Edgeley, Stockport.**

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 865

BROTHERLY LOVE
CURE FOR OUR ILLS
JOYFULLY AWAITED
WHERE MAN FAILS
IN HER HANDS
HE WAS OLD, SO
BRANDED
UP AND DOING
WHEN CLOUDS ROLL BY
ACCORDING TO HUSBY
SPOT OF BOTHER
"I WILL!"
MORE THAN LIKELY
HASTILY
FOR SOME
MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE
MEANS A LOT
WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS
DRAWING IN
THE LAST TIME
TAKES YEARS
FROM THE WINDOW
LARGE AS LIFE
LINING UP
SONNY KNOWS
SPLITTING
LIKE THUNDER
BACK AGAIN
JUST AS GOOD
THE CAR STOPPED AND
WON'T HOLD WATER
WISDOM OF THE AGES

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(865) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 24
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(865) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 24
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(865) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 24
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(865) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Sept. 24
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

**If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.**

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 865 usually purchase "John Bull."**

**Address Coupons:—"Bullets," No. 865, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)**

**"BULLETS" RULES.**—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

# ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

## Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

***A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.***

**Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

***This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.***

**PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.**
**ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.**

**Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.**

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

**1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from*
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

SALOME. *Sketched by Tremator.*

***SALOME** was the beautiful daughter of Herodias. She married her father's brother Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, by Cleopatra. She charmed Herod by her wonderful dancing and her glorious figure. He promised her anything she desired and she asked for the head of John the Baptist. She was known for her glorious complexion and her beautiful skin. The Oils we use in Zee-Kol Soap to-day were used in the East in those days. Cleopatra and Salome both covered their bodies with oil to keep their skins supple and youthful. Oils in soap were used in those days as they are in the Zee-Kol soap to-day.*

# NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

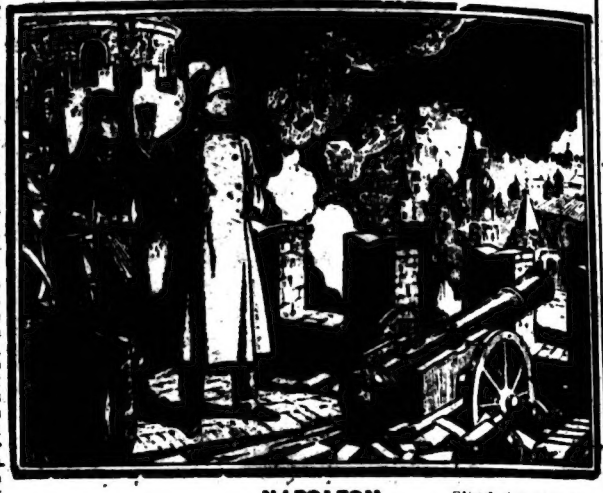
## REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



NAPOLEON. *Sketched by Tremator.*

***Napoleon** in the depth of Winter crossed the Alps with Big Guns and a large army—a feat that could hardly be credited—snow and ice were covering the mountains.*
*In 1812 he crossed to Moscow and attacked Russia, only to see Moscow in flames—and alas! one more dream of Napoleon's faded away. Even in the bitterest cold and the terrible ordeals of campaigning Napoleon still kept fit—he never grew a beard—always clean shaved and what with? Oil and the perfume of Lavender. The greatest men keep the smartest appearance. Napoleon died on May 15th, 1821.*

**SHAVEX** is sold everywhere in **6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes & 1/6 Pots.**

## WONDERFUL OFFER

**WE want you to try SHAVEX under Ideal Conditions, and offer you for 6d. post free a SHAVEX OUTFIT, consisting of TEN DAYS' supply of SHAVEX, OUR NEW PATENT RAZOR, ONE SHAVEX Blade, the finest on the market. DON'T MISS THIS OFFER. Write to-day to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

# SKIN DISEASES

## Cured in a Night

### WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

***Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.***

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in 3 nights — they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Smeared on after bathing rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

# ZEE-KOL

## 4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

**For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.**

# DOGE CREAM

## THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

**Per Pot - 1/-; Large Pot - 2/-; Large Tube - 9d.;**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

THE DOGE OF VENICE. *Sketched by Tremator.*

*The Doge of Venice was very powerful, as the Chief of the Government and Head of the Church. Each year the sea was wedded to Venice. The Doge from a luxurious boat called "Bucintoro" threw a ring into the Sea which completed the ceremony and this was called the Wedding of the Sea. The most beautiful women in Venice were present on these occasions, and their beauty lent great enchantment to these strange ceremonies. The great painter Bellini said their glorious skins and complexions made him feel drunk, so intoxicated was his admiration, and history proves that Doge Cream was the cream used at that time: that is why Doge is called Venetian cream, it is from an old Venetian recipe.*

**Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.**

## SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

**For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM**

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.C.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

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